

NEW  
SERIES

AUGUST

VOL.  
23

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM  
YEAR TO YEAR."

# All the Year Round

&  
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 129

PRICE  
ELEVENPENCE.

1879.

LONDON  
26 WELLINGTON ST.  
STRAND.  
W.C.

nos.  
557-561.

ADVERTISEMENTS are to be sent to ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street.

## CONTENTS OF PART CXXIX.

	No. DLVII.	PAGE		PAGE
SEBASTIAN STROME. Chapter XIV. A Change of Scene	145	Ring Stories.....	208	
The Marquis of Montcalm .....	150	The Missing Clerk .....	212	
My Lost Love .....	155			
Learning to Cook .....	156	No. DLX.		
By the Old Fountain. A Story in Two Parts. Part I.	161	SEBASTIAN STROME. Chapter XVII. The Beginning		
		of the Year .....	217	
No. DLVIII.		Aldershot Revisited .....	224	
SEBASTIAN STROME. Chapter XV. Strength and		Carest Thou Not? .....	228	
Weakness.....	169	An English Swell-Mobman's Experiences in America	238	
The Correspondence of Madame .....	174	The Black Flag .....	236	
Hurlingham .....	179			
Strange Dealings with the Crown Jewels.....	182	No. DLXI.		
By the Old Fountain. A Story in Two Parts. Part II.	186	SEBASTIAN STROME. Chapter XVIII. The Jocund		
		Bridegroom .....	241	
No. DLIX.		Some Reminiscences of Walking Tours .....	247	
SEBASTIAN STROME. Chapter XVI. Profit and Loss .....	193	The Three Deaths .....	253	
Some Educational Humbug .....	199	Among the Gods.....	253	
An English Swell-Mobman's Experiences in America .....	204	Agassiz .....	256	
		To the Seaside! But Whither? .....	261	

"I know what will make me strong  
and well again!

### DR. RIDGE'S DELICIOUS COOKED FOOD"

**Gives Health! Strength! Comfort! and  
Quiet Nights**

*To Mothers, Nurses, Infants, and Invalids.*

Having been cooked, it goes further. Being in a concentrated form, it is cheaper. Is made without trouble in two minutes. Requires no cooking. Does not cause acidity or wind. Guaranteed purity.

As professionally certified, it has saved the lives of many, when all other diet had failed.

Will support life single-handed, either with or without milk, being a Milk Food.

Sold by all Chemists and Grocers everywhere. Price  
6d. to 10s. 6d.

MANUFACTORY: RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON.



**EXTRA  
GLACÉ COTTON**  
CROCHET OR  
TATTING COTTON.  
in Skeins or on Reels.  
Unsurpassed in Quality.

Paris  
Exhibition,  
1878,  
Award  
of  
Gold Medal.



**BEST SOFT  
6-CORD COTTON**  
IN ALL COLOURS,  
AND SUITABLE FOR  
ANY SEWING  
MACHINE

To be had of all  
Wholesale and  
Retail Drapers and  
Merchants  
throughout the  
World.

## OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.

WALL-LIGHTS AND LUSTRES.

**CHANDELIERS IN BRONZE AND ORMOLU.**

DUPLEX AND OTHER LAMPS FOR INDIA AND HOME USE.

IN CRYSTAL AND COLOURED GLASS, AND FITTED WITH PATENT EXTINGUISHER.

Minton's and Worcester Porcelain and Stone China.

**TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.**

MESS, EXPORT, AND FURNISHING ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

**Birmingham: Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street.**

**London: Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W. Established 1807.**





**T**

**T**  
from  
to  
Air

**W**

Dr.  
**W**

tha  
par  
for  
spin

Del

**7**  
Stre  
Bri



PART CXXIX., NEW SERIES.—SEPTEMBER, 1879.

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND ADVERTISER.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION.

# Fry's Cocoa Extract

IN PACKETS AND TINS.

PURE COCOA ONLY, WITH THE SUPERFLUOUS OIL EXTRACTED.

This pure and delicious Cocoa, consisting exclusively of choice Cocoa Nibs from which the superfluous oil has been extracted, is strongly recommended to all who appreciate the full flavour and fine aroma of Cocoa.

"If properly prepared, there is no nicer or more wholesome preparation of Cocoa."—*Food, Water, and Air, Edited by Dr. Hassall.*

**J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL & LONDON.**

Try also FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.—"A delicious preparation."

CUSTARDS

WITHOUT

EGGS!

USE

BIRD'S

CUSTARD

POWDER.

In 6d. boxes  
sufficient for 3  
pints, 1s. boxes  
for 7 pints.

To prevent disappointment, each packet must bear the  
inventor's address—

**ALFRED BIRD, BIRMINGHAM.**

The Original and only  
Genuine.

Established 1837.

Produces the most deli-  
cious Custard without  
Eggs at half the cost and  
trouble.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

## WILHELM'S QUELLE (WILLIAM'S WELL)

**DR. JOHN HARLEY**, PHYSICIAN TO ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL;

**DR. P. H. WATSON**, President R.C.S., Edinburgh;

**DR. MORELL MACKENZIE**, Physician to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Chest;

**DR. JOHN WHITMORE**, **DR. BATTERSHALL GILL**, PROFESSOR ANNANDALE, and a great number  
of the most eminent Medical Men, recommend the

**WILHELM'S QUELLE WATER** as the very best and healthiest sparkling  
Table Water for daily use.

The Opinions of the Press are unanimous on the same subject.

THE "LANCET" of June 7 says: "It is a remarkably bright and pleasant water, more delicate  
than either Seltzer or Apollinaris, owing to the usual smaller proportions of sulphates."

THE "MEDICAL TIMES" says of the **WILHELM'S QUELLE WATER**: "The com-  
paratively small proportion of Alkali it contains makes it a very safe as well as useful Dietetic Water  
for daily drinking. It is pure, bright, sparkling, and very pleasant, and it mixes admirably well with  
spirits or milk."

The price of **WILHELM'S QUELLE WATER** is for—

50 Large Glass Bottles	...	...	...	...	25s.	} Bottles included.
100 Small	"	...	...	...	40s.	

Delivered free in London within Four Miles from Charing-cross; and in the country, carriage paid, for—

50 Large Glass Bottles	...	...	...	...	28s.	} Bottles included.
100 Small	"	...	...	...	44s.	

HEAD OFFICE OF THE **WILHELM'S QUELLE WATER**:

**7. BILLITER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.**

Agents for the West End: **R. DAVIS**, 20, Maddox Street, W.; **PAUL & BURROWS**, 12, Wilson  
Street, Long Acre; and for the Southern Districts, **CHELTENHAM COMPANY**, 4, Mount Pleasant,  
Brixton Hill; from whom also small quantities can be obtained.

**DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!**  
FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS,  
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

## FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.

(Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender Babe).

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full Directions.

Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

EASY TEETHING.

SAFE TEETHING.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.

## FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL  
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, &c.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 9d. (15 stamps, post free), contain three times the quantity of the small boxes.

Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

## GOWLANDS' LOTION,

A Botanical preparation of unfailing efficacy in Purifying the Skin from all Pimples, Spots, Freckles, Tan, Scorbatic Dryness, and Discolourations. It allays heat and irritability of the skin, and produces a

**HEALTHY PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION;**

and by its balsamic qualities making the skin soft and clear, restoring and retaining a charming juvenile elasticity to the skin, and producing a bloom and transparency to the complexion that no other known preparation has accomplished, and is recommended in preference to any other by the Medical Profession. ESTABLISHED 120 YEARS.

Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

**CLARKE'S**

**WORLD FAMED**

**BLOOD MIXTURE.**

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor,

F. J. CLARKE, Chemist,  
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN.  
London Depôt, 160, Oxford Street.

## FOUR GOLD MEDALS

HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO

**BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER**

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHERS.

Makes delicious Bread, Plum Puddings, and all kinds of Pastry, Light, Sweet, and Digestible. Sold everywhere in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Packets, and 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Boxes. Schools, Families, and Hotels should purchase the 2s. 6d. or 5s. size, as there is a considerable saving.

A CURE FOR ALL!!!

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT**

THIS OINTMENT may be rubbed into the System, so as to reach any internal Complaint; by these means it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other Parts. It is an infallible remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.

## EXTRAORDINARY SALE

OF

## French & Iron Bedsteads AND BEDDING.

In consequence of the continued depression of trade, T. NOEL has a large stock of the above on hand, which he will sell to the public at a considerable reduction for cash.

**T. NOEL,**

Hygienic Spring Mattress Manufacturer,

**106, LONG ACRE, W.C.**

Hotel Proprietors will find this an excellent opportunity for furnishing their hotels at a very low rate.

ROSE'S	LIME JUICE Is prepared from the Lime Fruit.	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE Is entirely Free of Alcohol.	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE A Wholesome Family Beverage.	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE A Delicious, Cooling Drink in Water.	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE An Excellent Stimulant, blended with Spirits.	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE Is highly Medicinal, Cooling and Purifying the Blood, assisting Digestion.	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE Is recommended by the <i>Lancet</i> .	CORDIAL.
ROSE'S	LIME JUICE Wholesale Stores, 11, Curtain-road, London; and Mitchell-street, Leith.	CORDIAL.

## GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

THE excruciating pain of Gout and Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

## FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

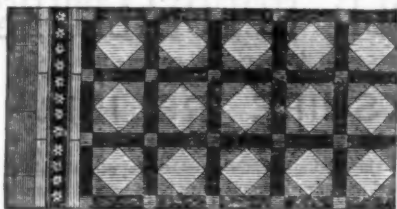
THIS excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing Headache so very prevalent, Depression of Spirits, Dullness of Sight, Nervous Affections, Blisters, Pimples, and Sallowiness of the Skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

First-Class Medals to MAW & CO., International Exhibition of 1862; Dublin, 1865; Oporto, 1865; Paris, 1867; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; and numerous others.

**IMPERISHABLE TESSELATED and ENCAUSTIC TILE PAVEMENTS,**



combining a highly decorative and economical substitute for ordinary floors and their perishable coverings. MAW & CO.'S pattern-book, the work of the first designers of the day, forwarded, together with special designs and estimates for every kind of floor and wall tiling. Specimens may be seen also at Maw and Co.'s Manchester Agent, WM. DALE, 50, John Dalton Street. London Agents, W. B. SIMPSON and SONS, 100, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square, London.

MAW & CO., BENTHALL WORKS, BROSELEY.

**GLASS SHADES.**



**TABLE GLASS**  
OF ALL KINDS.

**HORTICULTURAL GLASS.**

PLATE, SHEET, & CROWN

**WINDOW GLASS.**

**GLASS FLOWER VASES**  
FOR TABLE DECORATION.

*Stained and Painted Glass*

FOR MEMORIAL AND OTHER WINDOWS.

**GEORGE HOUGHTON AND SON,**  
(Formerly Claudet, Houghton, and Son)

**89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.**

**BURROUGH'S**

**OZONE WHISKEY**

**FOR RHEUMATISM.**

Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

Cale Street Distillery, London, S.W.

**ECONOMY IN DRESS.**

CLOTH MANTLES, from 16s. 6d. each. SEALSKIN PALETOTS, from £5 5s. each.  
CLOTH ULSTERS, from 12s. 11d. each. FUR-LINED CIRCULAR CLOAKS, from £1 5s. each.  
VELVETS FOR MANTLES, in any length. SILKS FOR DRESSES.

Owing to the great stagnation in trade, we have been enabled to purchase for CASH some very large parcels of the above goods at abnormally low prices, and are offering the same at a very low rate of profit. These goods being of the finest manufacture cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

VELVETS, in any length. Splendid Blue-Black Short and Close Pile, from 5s. per yard.  
BLACK SILKS, in any length. Brilliant appearances, and quality and value exceptional.  
No. 1, 2s. 9½d.; No. 2, 3s. 4½d.; No. 3, 4s.; No. 4, 4s. 9d.; No. 5, 5s. 6d.; No. 6, 6s. 9d. per yard.

We are enabled to offer these goods at so low a figure, our expenses being merely nominal compared with those of West-end establishments, added to which we are continually making purchases for CASH, and thereby obtain a much greater advantage than houses that take long credit.

We shall be pleased to send any article on approval, provided the amount for same be remitted to us, the money to be returned if the goods are not approved.

SATINS, VELVETEENS, CACHEMIREs, and MERINOS at proportionately low prices.

Write for Patterns, and Compare with those of any other House.

Remittances may be made by P.O.O., payable to GEO. BANFIELD & CO., at the General Post Office, or by Cheque crossed Union Bank of London.

ADDRESS:

**GEO. BANFIELD & CO., SILK BROKERS, 148, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

**SONGS FOR SAILORS,**

DEDICATED BY COMMAND TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Crown gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.; paper wrapper, 1s.

*Morning Post.*—"Spirited, melodious, and vigorously graphic."

*Daily News.*—"Very spirited."

*Morning Advertiser.*—"Sure of a wide popularity."

*Examiner.*—"Full of incident and strongly-expressed sentiment, and having a simple, dashing, musical roll and movement that reminds us of some songs that are favourites with all sailors, and the touches of humour he introduces are precisely of the kind that they will relish."

*Scotsman.*—"Dr. Bennett's heart is thoroughly in his work . . . all spirited and vigorous. There is a healthy, manly, fresh-air dash about them which ought to make them popular with the class for whose use and pleasure they are designed."

*Literary World.*—"It seeks to quicken the pulses of our

national life. It is to be hoped these spirit-stirring songs may be sung in all parts of the world by our gallant tars, north and south, east and west—wherever, in short, the Union Jack floats proudly over the sea. We heartily commend Dr. Bennett's 'Songs for Sailors' to the public at large."

*Leeds Mercury.*—"There is no one nowadays who can compete with Dr. Bennett as a popular song-writer. In his volume of Sea Songs we find the qualities which must secure its success."

*News of the World.*—"There is real poetry in these songs."

*Fun.*—"Dr. Bennett has done great service to the navy by the publication of 'Songs for Sailors.' Our tars wanted something better suited to modern times than Dibdin's ballads, and here they have a wide choice."

**C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., Paternoster Row.**

## SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED. GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A single trial solicited from those who have not tried these splendid preparations.

### GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.

The most delicious and cheapest Sauce in the world.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. The most cultivated culinary connoisseurs have awarded the palm to the YORKSHIRE RELISH, on the ground that neither its strength nor its piquancy is overpowering, and that its invigorating zest by no means impairs the normal flavour of the dishes to which it is added. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.

CAUTION.—On each Yorkshire Relish Label is our TRADE MARK, Willow Pattern Plate, and name, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co. No other is genuine. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles 6d., 1s., and 2s.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co., Leeds.

### GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



The cheapest because the best; indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without eggs, Pastry without butter, and beautiful light Bread without yeast. One trial will convince the most sceptical of its superiority over others. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets, 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. Tins.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., Leeds.

### GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.



Highly recommended by the most eminent physicians, and acknowledged to be the best and cheapest tonic yet introduced. Strengthens the whole system, and stimulates the appetite. Is invaluable for Indigestion, Nervousness, Gout, Rheumatics, &c. Has proved an invaluable and agreeable stomachic to all suffering from general debility and loss of appetite. The best restorative for the weak, young, or aged. Is admirably adapted for delicate children, and persons to whom Quinine in any other form is objectionable, and is especially suited as a vehicle for the administration of Cod Liver Oil, where the combined effect of Quinine and of the *Ol. Jecoris Asselli* is desirable. A wine-glassful twice or thrice a day will be found both grateful and efficacious in all cases in which a cordial Tonic is required, far superior to sherry and bitters, or bitter beer. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. per Bottle.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., Leeds.

### GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER,

For making Delicious Custards without Eggs, in less time and at half the price.



Delicious to Plum Pudding.

Delicious to Jam Tarts.

Delicious to Stewed Rice.

Delicious to all kinds of Fruit.

Delicious to all kinds of Puddings.

Delicious to all kinds of Fruit Pies.

Delicious to everything.

Delicious alone.

Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally as a useful agent in the preparation of a good Custard. Give it a trial.

Sold in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, &c.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., White Horse Street, Leeds.

### GOODALL'S GINGER BEER POWDER

Makes Three Gallons of the Best Ginger Beer in the world for 3d.



The most valuable preparation for the production of a delicious and invigorating beverage. This Powder stands unrivalled, possessing valuable medicinal properties. It is cooling in its nature, and an invaluable stomachic, rendering it the most wholesome and perfect beverage for both winter and summer. It is easily made, and is by far the cheapest and best Ginger Beer Powder ever offered to the public. Sold in Packets, 3d. each, by all Grocers, Chemists, and Italian Warehousemen.

Proprietors, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co., Leeds.

Shippers and the Trade supplied by the Sole Proprietors,

**GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., WHITE HORSE STREET, LEEDS.**



# CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

COMPLETION OF PLANCHÉ'S CYCLOPEDIA OF COSTUME.  
Now ready, complete in 2 vols. demy 4to, handsomely bound in half-morocco, gilt, profusely illustrated with Coloured and Plain Plates and Woodcuts, price £7 7s.

**The Cyclopædia of Costume;** or, a Dictionary of Dress—Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and a General History of the Costumes of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald.  
The volumes may also be had separately (each complete in itself), at £3 13s. 6d. each.

Vol. I. THE DICTIONARY.

Vol. II. A GENERAL HISTORY OF COSTUME IN EUROPE.

Also in 25 Parts, at 5s. each. Cases for binding, 7s. each.

2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Ground Plans, 14s.

**Church Work and Life in English Minsters; and the English Student's Monasticon.** By the Rev. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.

Now ready, Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo, 12s. each (to be completed in 4 vols.), the TENTH EDITION of **A History of Our Own Times.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval. This is a really good book on a really interesting subject, and words piled on words could say no more for it. . . . Such is the effect of its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy, that very few of its readers will close these volumes without looking forward with interest to the two that are to follow."—*Saturday Review*.

MRS. HAWES'S NEW BOOK.—Small 8vo, cloth limp, with numerous illustrations, price 1s. 6d.  
**The Art of Dress.** By Mrs. H. R. HAWES, Author of "The Art of Beauty," &c.

NEW NOVEL, by the AUTHOR of "BY PROXY." 3 vols. crown 8vo. At every Library.  
**Under one Roof.** By JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy," &c.

NEW NOVEL, by the AUTHOR of "HER DEAREST FOE." Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.  
**Maid, Wife, or Widow?** By Mrs. ALEXANDER, Author of "Her Dearest Foe," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

**The Cure of Souls: a Novel.** By MACLAREN COBBAN.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL. 3 vols. crown 8vo. At every Library.  
**The Fallen Leaves.** By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

**The Comédie Humaine and its Author.** With Translations from the French of BALZAC. By H. H. WALKER.

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE OR APARTMENTS THROUGHOUT ON  
**MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM.**  
**THE ORIGINAL, BEST, AND MOST LIBERAL.**  
CASH PRICES. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR TIME GIVEN.  
ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE, WITH FULL PARTICULARS OF TERMS, POST FREE.  
F. MOEDER,  
248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD; AND 19, 20, 21, MORWELL STREET, W.C. ESTABLISHED 1862.





"The favourite and most fashionable material."—*Le Follet*.

## THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Permanent Oriental Blue-Black. Also in all the fashionable colours.

The superiority of the "LOUIS" VELVETEEN consists in its Fineness, its Softness, its Thinness, its Depth of Rich Solid Colour, and its resemblance to real Genoa Velvet, not only in appearance but in wear.



### THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN

"Is a very close and admirably wearing material, with a lustrous silky surface, draping richly and softly, while the brilliant light on the folds cannot be surpassed by the best silk velvet. For every purpose to which velvet may be applied we recommend the 'LOUIS' VELVETEEN, successfully representing, as it does, a silk velvet at more than four times the cost."—*Le Follet*.

"The 'LOUIS' VELVETEEN neither changes colour, fades, cockles, nor spots with rain."—*Morning Post*.

The "LOUIS" VELVETEEN is not dearer than inferior dyes and makes.

The "LOUIS" VELVETEEN can be obtained from all Drapers.

See that the fabric you obtain is the "LOUIS" VELVETEEN, by the name being found on the back of every yard, without which none is genuine.

Also in all the Fashionable Colours.

Agents for Wholesale (only)—J. H. FULLER, 92, Watling Street, London, E.C.; W. FIFE, 52, Glasford Street, Glasgow; J. FREEMAN, 20, Wicklow Street, Dublin; from whom information may be obtained where the "LOUIS" VELVETEEN can be procured.

GOLD MEDAL, 1877.

FOUR PRIZE MEDALS.

# DOME

The **DOME BLACK LEAD** differs from the ordinary kinds in the following **IMPORTANT POINTS**:

It is manufactured only from selected materials of the **BEST QUALITY**, and being prepared by a special process, it not only **POLISHES QUICKLY**, but also adheres at once to the stove or grate, thereby **AVOIDING INJURY TO THE FURNITURE** from dust. The solid Dome-shaped block into which it is compressed also contributes greatly to this result.

**BLACK  
LEAD.**

**AVOIDS DUST  
ON FURNITURE**



**IN SOLID BLOCKS**

**SOLD BY**

**Grocers, Oilmen &c  
EVERYWHERE.**

**E. JAMES & SONS** SOLE MAKERS,  
PLYMOUTH

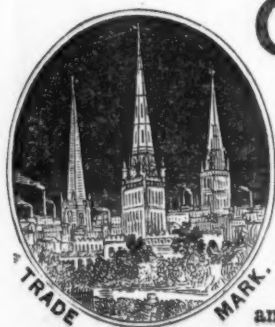
## REDUCTION.

## TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM.

2s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per Square Yard.

WAREHOUSE: 69, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

*A Catalogue of the best Floor Coverings, Post Free.*



## CASH'S

NONE ARE GENUINE  
WITHOUT THE NAME  
AND TRADE-MARK OF  
J. & J. CASH, COVENTRY.

## CAMBRIC

Is the most  
Durable & Satisfactory  
Trimming for  
Ladies', Children's,  
and Infants' Wardrobes.

## FRILLING

TO BE HAD OF DRAPERS EVERYWHERE.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 557. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## SEBASTIAN STROME.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

### CHAPTER XIV. A CHANGE OF SCENE.

ON Saturday morning, the first day of the New Year, Mary Dene came down stairs so early that she caught the servants making the fire in the library. Aunt Sophia had not yet made her appearance. When she came in she found her dear niece studying an atlas. It was open at the map of Germany.

"A Happy New Year to you, my darling Mary!" she said, taking her hand and bestowing a kiss upon the back of it, for the cheek did not somehow look encouraging just then.

"The same to you, auntie, and plenty of them," answered Mary, resuming the study of the map.

"My happiness will be to see you happy—that is all I have to care for now," the elder lady rejoined very affectionately; "and I do hope—I make bold to hope, that the future has a great deal of brightness in store for you. No one's life is all sad; and it is so much better to have the sad part in the beginning rather than at the end."

"That probably depends upon the sort of sadness. Besides, nobody can tell, since nobody can have tried both ways. What do you think of a trip to the Continent?"

"The Continent! Dear girl! When?"

"It won't take long to pack up. Say in a week."

"To the Continent! Dear me!"

"It's time I saw something of foreign countries; I'm tired of this. I was thinking of Germany: you know all about Germany, don't you? It was there that

you lived when you were abroad, wasn't it?"

"But Germany in the winter! Mary dear."

"Well, Italy then," said Mary, turning over the leaves; "I'm not particular, only I was thinking you knew your way about Germany. Rome, or Naples, or Sorrento; or we might go up the Nile. Or I shouldn't mind going to America. I have heard that New Orleans is a warm place in winter. Do you mind a sea voyage?"

"Do, do stop! You take my breath away. A sea voyage would kill me. Anything would be better than America."

"Then let it be Rome. I must decide upon something."

"Are you really serious? We must talk it over. I'm hardly awake yet."

"It must be settled before breakfast," said Mary, with the slow turn of her eyes upon Aunt Sophia. She was quite grave and immovable; her face was as white as the petal of the white geranium in her dress; her eyes seemed nearly black. Aunt Sophie reflected that compliance was merely a matter of so many words, at least, at this stage of the proceedings, and, therefore, she said that she thought Rome would do as well as anything; and Mary replied: "Then we'll go to Rome," and shut the atlas. They went in to breakfast.

"I can understand that you must need a change, darling," Aunt Sophia remarked, after an interval of indifferent conversation.

"I look heart-broken, do I?"

"My Mary has too much pride to let her heart be broken by one who is not worthy of it. But a change of scene—I can understand."

"You needn't talk to me in that way; I can get on without it," Mary said quietly.

"Sebastian Strome is quite as worthy as most young men; you know that, auntie. But he has changed his mind about marrying me, and it will be convenient to me to change the scene until people have finished talking about it. That is the correct thing, I believe."

"I cannot bear to have my dear Mary cynical," Aunt Sophia observed with deep feeling.

"Of course not. It would be cynical to stay at home and—marry someone else. That is what you meant, isn't it?"

"Have I said so?" remonstrated the other with reproachful innocence.

"Well, auntie, you don't often say what you mean in so many words; one has to understand you in some measure by contraries. You're diplomatic; I suppose everybody is either a diplomatist or a fool as they grow older."

"I fear I must be content to be called a fool, then," said Aunt Sophia meekly.

"It is foolish in you to think me quite so much of a fool as you do," retorted Mary with a momentary smile. "You would save yourself a great deal of trouble by allowing me average intelligence. For instance, you took too much pains yesterday to make it appear as if the idea of getting Mr. Fawley to go to the funeral in my carriage were quite accidental. But I couldn't help seeing how you worked up to it, and why you wanted it. Probably Lady Featherstone is saying at this moment that I am going to console myself with your nephew, and that she is glad I have decided, even so late in the day, to follow her advice. But Lady Featherstone does not know that we are going to Rome!"

Having delivered herself thus with a sustained composure that perplexed Aunt Sophia, Miss Dene retired behind the Standard, thereby indicating that she did not desire a rejoinder; but Aunt Sophia could hardly have resolved on the spur of the moment what was the best rejoinder to make. This was not the first time that she had been made to feel, as Mary herself said, that the elaborate subtlety which she used to compass her ends was often wasted, or at least failed of due appreciation. This was not the first time she had admitted to herself that straightforward bluntness was occasionally the best weapon wherewith to engage this grim and wayward young heiress. Why, then, it may be asked, did not Aunt Sophia become straightforward and blunt? Alas! the flesh was willing, but the spirit was weak.

We cannot change at will the long-accustomed bias and method of our acts. A crab may frequently perceive the advantages incident to a direct system of locomotion, when yet his confirmed sidelong tendency prevents him from profiting by his perception. The only result of Aunt Sophia's efforts to be sincere was to render her words and deeds more than ever disingenuous. It might almost be said that her most honest moments were those in which honesty was furthest from her intention. We have *Æsop's* word for it that liars are not believed even when they tell the truth; but it is a more formidable fact that truth-telling becomes a sheer impossibility to the practised prevaricator.

When, therefore, Mary betrayed so little sympathy with the artistic delicacy of Aunt Sophia's intrigues as to request her to be frank, the best that Aunt Sophia could do was to make frankness the mask for more intrigue. She saw that Mary was in a mood where the naked disclosure even of motives not wholly immaculate might be the best way to secure their accomplishment; and yet a genuinely naked disclosure was a feat to which self-interest itself could not stimulate her. Such a state of things is pathetic. When our whole commerce is with deceit it is surely a hardship never to be able to utter its right name. Of course, Aunt Sophia did not wish Mary to go to Rome, because to do so would be to remove her from the sphere of Selim's operations; nevertheless the perverse tyranny of instinct obliged her to dissemble this reluctance, and to pretend that her only reason for objecting to the expedition was the inertia normal to a lady of her years and insecure health. But such an objection became ineffective in view of the fact that a person devoted, as she professed to be, exclusively to another person's welfare must not advance any merely selfish plea to controvert that other's purpose. Thus she was reduced to the expedient of covertly appealing to Mary's own pride as an ally against her project, and also of arousing the young lady's innate contrariness by discovering gratuitous reasons for complying with her will. It would have been much simpler and much easier to say: "Stay at home in order that Selim may marry you," and apparently this was what Mary, in her present inconveniently critical and penetrating frame of mind, would most readily have responded to. But these were words to which Aunt Sophia, for all her volu-

bility, could not lay her tongue. They represented too exactly what she meant; and that was fatal to them.

Accordingly, Mary was allowed to finish the Standard without interruption; but she was not in a temper to court repose, and she was herself the first to break the silence. She wished, in fact, to throw herself upon some adversary worthy of her encounter—one who would provoke her to the saying and doing of reckless and strange things. Beneath her pale, coldly-composed exterior was a soul insulted, humiliated, trembling with passionate resentment: abased in its own esteem, and fretting to avenge that abasement, no matter whether at the cost of more abasement still. For Mary would reason, or rather she would feel, somehow thus: "I have been dishonoured by the dishonour of the man I honoured most, and shamed by his abandonment of me; therefore I must either vindicate myself in my own and others' eyes, or else I will satisfy myself and others that I am dishonoured indeed." Now, when a spirit hitherto proud and self-confident is suddenly brought to mistrust its own worth, the situation is full of peril. Religion will afford the necessary protection; but to young women like Mary Dene, charged with lively warmth, and born to material prosperity, religion appears more like a beautiful dream than a vital reality; it is a chaste ornament of life rather than the only thing that makes life alive. The first shock of suffering often makes it appear more shadowy than ever; but when suffering has become a familiar companion, religion is either acknowledged as the sole human safeguard, or is rejected altogether, according as the soul is sane or diseased.

As for Mary Dene, she did not, at this period, think of religion at all; to her perception the situation seemed too serious for that. Without being conscious of it, she had set up a sort of golden calf in the wilderness; and now that this was rudely overthrown, she could feel nothing but anger and bewilderment. Life had lost its value and its dignity, and in such a case anything might happen; only, the more violent and astonishing, the better. For many months past all the vigour of her strong and ardent spirit had been monopolised by an absorbing love; now, that channel having been blocked up, the energies which had been defrauded of their rightful occupation must find other—and perchance mischievous—work to do.

At no crisis of her existence is a woman so prone to act rashly and defiantly as at this: she appears not so much beside herself as directly the opposite of whatever in herself has heretofore been manifest. The insanity may not last long, but its consequences may endure for ever.

When, on the night of Christmas Eve, Mary Dene had returned from her interview with Sebastian to face Selim and her other guests, she was too much stunned to be aware of her own danger—how completely she was cast adrift from her moorings. For a moment, indeed, when she said to Sebastian that "two people would hardly refuse her and her money in the same evening," a desperate notion of some rough and ready method of avenging the blow she had got may have crossed her mind; but the hurry of her thoughts and emotions was too great for any purpose to remain; and when assailed by the merry questions and surmises of the company as to her long absence, an instinct of self-preservation had led her to answer them in a similar vein: she spoke of having seen a ghost; laughed, shivered, and talked at random, or lapsed into vacant silence; and the guests having by that time fully embarked on the current of amusement were too much engaged with themselves to be over-inquisitive about her. But, at parting, she gave Selim the tea-rose, and had felt a bitter kind of satisfaction in giving it. It meant more to her than it did to him, who knew not its history. It was like flinging away her shield. The next day she told Aunt Sophia the story of what had happened—reserving only some passages. Aunt Sophia thereupon felt her way cautiously; but Mary's responses were so grim, and at the same time frequently so absurd, that the good lady could not be certain whether her cause were likely to prosper or not. Selim and she, in their consultations, were agreed upon one thing: that Mary knew what they wanted; but as to the prudence of Selim's risking an avowal, they were sorely in doubt. The fact was, this young lioness of a woman scared them; they saw her pacing up and down and nursing her ire, and the spectacle suggested the perils more clearly than the profits of attacking her. They were sensible of her savageness, but could not divine the underlying frailty and feminine defencelessness. Thus they watched and procrastinated for a week.

Mary, meanwhile, though contriving to maintain an outward aspect of careless



composure, knew that her strength must fail sooner or later; and this knowledge begot in her a restless impatience to have the breakdown over, and to know what lay on the other side of it. She was destitute of guide or help; the minister was dead, and Mrs. Strome must be dead to her. What she longed for perhaps more than anything was a direct and over-mastering temptation: she felt herself slipping, and she wished to plunge. Having lost what had been her best, she craved not any second best, but the worst.

She put down the Standard, therefore, and after yawning slightly, proposed the following question:

"How many friends have we?"

"If you mean friends, my dear——"

"People we should have to leave P.P.C. cards on; I mean them."

"Ah! there will be so many of them!" said Aunt Sophia with a sigh and a glance into her teacup. "If we had only thought of this journey before, we might have called the Christmas party our farewell appearance, and so escaped all that. But I thought at first you meant friends in the sense of——" She hesitated, with an expressive look upwards.

"In the sense of Mr. Fawley?" said Mary immediately.

"Ah, he is a friend, indeed!" sighed the other lady, drooping into the teacup again.

"We need not trouble to leave a card on him; I think he has been here every day this week. All friends are not like him."

"How does she mean that?" thought Aunt Sophia. "Poor dear boy!" she added aloud. "This news will be such a sad blow to him."

"Perhaps he has more fortitude than you think."

"Dearest Mary, you are so hard on my poor Selim! He has been so happy this last week. To lose you again so soon!"

"What has made him so happy?"

"For one thing, I suppose, the thought of what you have escaped. I cannot tell you what anxieties he has endured since your entanglement with that unfortunate young man. He feels it so providential that you should have been freed in time."

"But it seems to me that Sebastian Strome has acted a more friendly part towards me than your poor Selim; it was Sebastian who dismissed me, remember!" said Mary with a short laugh.

"You are so straightforward and true-hearted, Mary darling, that you take people at their own valuation. I am afraid

Mr. Strome would not have acted as he did if he had not foreseen that you would soon find him out——"

"There! that will do, if you please. I was saying that if your poor Selim were so anxious about me, and so much my friend as you say, I cannot understand why he did not warn me of my danger."

"Ah, his sense of honour is so delicate! If he had been merely a friend! And though I used to entreat him to let me speak to you, he never would. 'It is just because I love her,' he used to say, 'that I must be silent.'"

"Perhaps you had better let him do his own talking now, at all events," said Mary, rising. "I don't care to listen to him at second-hand."

"Your presence abashes him so," murmured Aunt Sophia. "He never can do himself justice before you. I wish you could hear him when he speaks of you to me. It would give you a new idea of him."

"I don't want a new idea of anybody. I take him to be a very harmless young man. He does not seem to have much courage, as you say; and, perhaps," added Mary, resting the ends of her fingers upon the table, and looking down meditatively, "it is just as well for both of us that he has not."

There might be an immense deal of significance in these last words, or there might be none at all. Aunt Sophia inwardly resolved, however, that Selim should have the benefit of the doubt. When he came that afternoon, the password given him should be courage! The longer Aunt Sophia reflected over the matter, the less inclined was she to believe that Mary had spoken without a consciousness of the construction which her words might bear.

How was it, in reality? Perhaps Mary had said to herself: "Let him get me if he can—if he has it in him to do it; but it will be worse for him if he tries and fails. I am not to be trifled with by more than one man." Perhaps she had not herself decided whether or not, on due compulsion, she would yield. It would be more agreeable to let the passing whim of the moment decide her whole life. Everything should be in contradiction of her former beliefs and principles. As this new lover was different from the old, so should the order and conduct of her life be changed. Where she had been credulous, she would be cynical; where she had been self-surrendering, she would be selfish; the bargain, if it were struck, should be a shrewd one;



she would prove herself more worldly than the world itself. Let him come and try!

When Selim arrived, he found Miss Dene pacing up and down her drawing-room, playing with a small ivory-handled horsewhip. Her manner of walking was most graceful and elastic; there was something gallant and imperial in her movements, and in the lofty carriage of her chin. She always looked much taller than she really was, when walking. She was moving away from Selim when he first entered, and he stood watching her pass down the long vista of the room, until she came to the tall looking-glass which extended from floor to ceiling at the lower end. In front of this she halted for an instant, and then struck at it smartly with her whip. Was it her own reflection therein which she smote thus? But Selim, also, must have been mirrored in it; perhaps she was chastising him. She now turned and came back through the room, bending the whip between her two hands. Selim remained motionless near the door, leaning on his cane, and holding his hat against his knee. As she drew near, he bowed, gravely, and not quite so low as usual. She saluted him with a turn of the whip, cavalier-fashion; then passed her hands behind her back, and let her eyes meet his. He sustained the look with respectful steadiness. Mary smiled.

"Good morning, Mr. Fawley. Have you seen Aunt Sophia?"

"Yes."

"What did she tell you?"

"She said you were going to Rome."

"Nothing else?"

"That was all I cared to hear," replied Fawley gravely.

Mary laughed. "Well, you have come to say good-bye, have you?"

"I am not going to say good-bye yet. It will be time enough to say that when you go. I came to spend the afternoon with you."

"Oh, that is kind of you. You had better put down your hat and stick, then, and take a chair. Do you want anything to eat?"

"No," said he curtly.

He sat down, and began to draw off his gloves. She continued to stand, looking down at him. She felt that his behaviour was greatly changed from that which she was accustomed to from him; and the alteration pleased her, but at the same time roused her. She intended to see how deep it went. She wondered whether he had any masculine strength, after all.

"Miss Dene," he said suddenly, "do you remember what I said to you in this room about four months ago?"

"Yes. You told me that it was the desire of your heart and the ambition of your soul to marry me. It was a way of speaking—your way of speaking. I remember it very well. I told you that I would think about it. But why do you ask?"

"You asked for twenty-four hours to think about it, and you have had four months. I am come now to hear your final answer."

A pause. Mary drew her whip slowly from one hand to another.

"A great deal has happened in four months," she remarked at last.

"More for you than for me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You have altered your mind twice, and I have remained the same all the time," replied Selim, feeling that he had made a point. But she said presently:

"I have remained the same, too."

He started up, with a return of his old effusiveness; but Mary, by a slight motion of her whip, waved him back.

"Not that way," she said. "I like your new way better; besides, you must have misinterpreted what I said. Why do you wish to marry me?"

"Mary Dene, I love you!" exclaimed Selim, with concentrated emphasis.

Some colour came into her face, but otherwise she appeared to take the avowal rather coolly.

"Do you know how to love? Can you love well?" she enquired, in a tone quiet enough to suggest mockery.

"I can love you. I know nothing of any other love," returned Selim, who, whatever his secret misgivings, was by no means to be done out of his phrases.

"Have you any other reason for wishing to marry me?" she asked. She glanced slightly at him as she said it, and glanced away again.

The muscles of his mouth were drawn down for a moment, but he answered in a steady tone: "I don't understand you."

"Well, perhaps it's hardly a fair question. But, you see, I have no guardian to look after my business interests for me. I referred to money matters—settlements. What arrangements would you expect?"

At this unlooked-for and really extraordinary juncture, Selim was visited with the luckiest possible inspiration; he burst out laughing. As soon as he had done it,

he saw that it was right. Mary drew a long breath, smiled a little, and then sat down with a rosy flush travelling up her face. She was clutching the whip very tightly with both hands. Selim stopped laughing, and, bending forward, tried to lay his hands over hers. This was not so well; she drew back and said: "That is no answer!"

"The only settlement I ask of you is to settle the day!" said Selim, venturing to be epigrammatic. "How could you suspect me?" he added, tenderly and reproachfully.

She scrutinised his face, slowly and keenly, as a child might do; then her eyes fell.

"Oh! what shall I do!" she cried suddenly, in a low nervous tone, beginning to turn pale again. "Will no one help me! What shall I do!"

"Say that you love me!" murmured Selim, attempting to approach her once more.

"Love you! I do not love you—I shall never love you!" exclaimed Mary, with almost hysterical vehemence, and gazing at him indignantly. "If I thought I could ever love you, I would never marry you—never! I should marry only to—I don't know—to get out of the way of loving! Let there be no mistake about that!"

"Well, then my love must be enough for us both," said Selim, rather appalled at this outburst, but sustaining it valiantly. "I will be content with your hand, if you have no heart to give me. You will give me your hand?" he continued, reaching forward and getting it into his own at last.

All the passion that was in the man was by this time awake; he felt that he must have Mary even though she were to come to him penniless. He did not lose his acuteness, however, which was great, nor his tact, which was considerable: though it was not to be expected that he should know all that was passing in Mary's mind, as she sat there with dilated eyes, and lips working together, her hand moving uneasily in his, shrinking, yet refusing to draw itself quite away. It is certain that Mary was much in need of an adviser at this moment. She was not carrying out her programme as successfully as Selim was his. She was losing the command.

But all at once all nervousness seemed to leave her; her whole body appeared as it were to relax and become quiescent. She looked at Selim with a sad and com-

passionate expression, which was perhaps more disconcerting than the symptoms of her aversion.

"You are sure that my hand will satisfy you? Well, you need not tell me!" she hastened to add, as he began to make protestations. "After all, it is kind of you to wish it. But this is a strange end of all that I have imagined!"

The last sentence was spoken half aside. As Selim caught up both her hands to kiss them, the ivory-handled whip slipped to the floor, and he set his heel upon the carved head, and crushed it. Neither of them noticed the accident. Growing bolder, he now advanced his face towards hers; but she checked him by a slight movement of the head and brows.

"Never expect much of me; I shall try to do as I ought," she said. "I hope you are good, Selim! If you do not treat me better than I deserve—you had better never have seen me! There is something terrible in me somewhere." Here she stopped for a little while, finally adding, with the vestiges of a smile hovering on her lips: "It doesn't sound very polite, but the only thing I can say to you is, that I am really very sorry for you. And I should like you to give me the rest of this day to myself. You can come some other time—well, to-morrow, then! But I must be alone now; I want to do some things."

"I obey you in everything! Good-bye till to-morrow, my love! Shall we go to Rome together?"

"Oh, I shan't travel, now; I only wanted change of scene; and I shall have enough of that here!" said Mary, involuntarily glancing him over. But he would not see the innuendo, and left her with his face beaming.

Mary presently resumed her promenade up and down the room. But a few minutes later a servant came in with a card on a tray. Mary took it, looked at it long enough to have read it a dozen times over, and then said, bringing her hand slowly up against her heart: "Ask Mrs. Strome to come in here."

After the servant had gone, she uttered a sort of groan: "Why not half an hour ago! It is too late!"

#### THE MARQUIS OF MONTCALM.

IN my bedroom, when I was a boy, hung two prints—The Death of General Wolfe and Mort du Marquis de Montcalm—

Gozon. They were unlike in many ways. The English print, severe in style, framed in black with narrow gold bead; the French with much larger figures, and more of them—all the paper covered with the exuberance of Louis the Fifteenth engraving, well matched with a heavy gilt frame. How I used to contrast the two, and draw conclusions as to French and English character! But then, of course, both had much in common. The scene was the same: a dying man propped up on pillows, a little group of sympathising faces, a kneeling doctor touching the wound, a red Indian stoically watching it all. The same scene from a French and from an English point of view.

Naturally I have always wanted to know more of Montcalm than the very little our histories tell us. That pleasantest of historians, Thackeray, perhaps tells us most. Just as his Esmond gives the best account of the last days of Queen Anne, so in the Virginians you will find a charming picture of Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec. But even Thackeray says much more about Wolfe than about Montcalm; and so I was heartily pleased to come across M. Hamont's Hero of the Seven Years' War, in which book he has mixed the cream of Bonnehose, Abbé Martin, and others who have written Montcalm's life, with pickings from the marquis's journal and letters which he found in the archives of the French admiralty. To read him was like studying my old print over again—looking at things from a French point of view; and this is useful for those who want to avoid being too insular.

There are many points of likeness between Wolfe and Montcalm; both soldiers' sons, they had both distinguished themselves before the final struggle which cost both their lives. If Wolfe had fought well at Landfelt and at Cape Breton, Montcalm, fourteen years his senior, had won his laurels at the murderous battle of Placentia. The French were defeated; but he, at least, had done all that a hero could do. He had thrice brought his regiment up to the enemy's trenches, and had, the last time, been cut down by a Croat, and left on the field, where next day the Austrians found him still breathing.

Montcalm was a Provençal, born in the little chateau of Candiac, of a fighting family, of whom the saying was that they never died in their beds. The old French noblesse had unfair privileges, which no doubt helped, along with wasteful misgovernment and odious folly on the

part of successive kings, to bring about the Revolution. But they, at least, did something in return for them. "Payer de sa personne" really had a meaning in the days when young Montcalm was born; and, when people paid in that way, by going out and bearing hard knocks for king and country, it seemed right and proper that they should be exempt from the taxes which stay-at-home farmers and merchants and shopkeepers had to pay. That, at least, was how the French ruling classes argued. The people didn't quite see it; they hinted that war was the pastime of all these great gentlemen, that they really liked it, and took care as soon as one war was over to have another ready. But, at any rate, the French noblesse as a body were still pretty well to the front wherever hard knocks were being given and taken. Courtiers many of them had become; but the Rhine and the Italian frontier were not so far off but that they could combine a fair amount of fighting with a good deal of plotting and counter-plotting at Versailles, especially as a campaign did not last the whole year, and it was the rule for both sides to go into winter quarters when the weather broke up. In every great house one son, at least, was bound to be a soldier and nothing else. He was called the chevalier. If there were several brothers, there might be two chevaliers; or one of them might take orders—become one of those abbés, compulsory clerics, so many of whom, ne croyant ni à Dieu ni à diable, were the disgrace of French society. The choice of professions was limited. Of course, trade was not to be thought of—not even, despite Sterne, by a Breton gentilhomme. The law was a sort of caste; French noblemen did not even care to sit at the French equivalent for that paradise of our squires, quarter sessions. A doctor was looked upon as a sort of barber-surgeon; even Fagon, Louis the Fourteenth's chief physician, had hard work to hold his own against the snubs of the courtiers. Now-a-days, and here in England, a great nobleman can become a director of a railway, the younger son of a ducal house can enter a City firm; but French nobles had no such openings then. The Montcalms, moreover, were little people. A marquis with us implies broad lands and a heavy rent-roll. Not so in France. "Tout marquis veut avoir des pages," said La Fontaine, laughing at the extravagance of all classes, noble and ignoble. He meant: "There are many marquises wh



are far too poor to afford the luxury." So generation after generation had gone into the army; and our young Montcalm got an ensigncy at fourteen in the regiment of which his father was colonel. At twenty-two he purchased his company, having been up to that time mostly in garrison at Strasburg.

Garrison life is not healthy for a young man—was even more unhealthy then than now; and the lad, who had been brought up, like most French noblemen's sons, at home, without the experience of a public school, fell into bad company, and became a reckless gambler. But very soon he had strength of will to pull up short and live an almost ascetic life, working at the Greek which he had begun as a boy, greedily reading Plutarch, and Herodotus, and the tragedians. He made good friends; the Marquis of La Fare, whom he afterwards nursed through small-pox, shutting himself up with him when he was deserted even by his nearest relatives, and Chauvelin, a minister who, had he continued in power, might have been to Montcalm what the elder Pitt was to Wolfe. Chauvelin saw the young captain at Versailles, and was struck with the contrast between him and the young fops who were crowding round in the hope of preferment. Cardinal Fleury was then prime minister—the French Walpole, the man of peace—and Chauvelin and the war party were in the background. So the war-minister did all he could for his young friend. Frenchman like, he made a good match for him, and married him to an heiress; and, as is oftener the case than we fancy with these marriages de convenance, it turned out a most happy match. But even Fleury could not stave off the war of succession. Frederick of Prussia has the unenviable reputation of setting Europe by the ears because he thought Charles the Sixth's daughter, Maria Theresa, being only a woman, might easily be robbed of Silesia. Of course, England, ruled by the Elector of Hanover, was bound to have a finger in the pie; and we went at it with France also, and won Dettingen and lost Fontenoy, a year after which last battle the French and Spaniards were—as I said—crushed by the Austrians at Placentia, and pursued across the frontier. Captain Montcalm was greatly disgusted at being taken prisoner. "If I had not stood my ground," wrote he, "I should have got off like the rest." However, he was soon exchanged, and at Versailles Louis the Fifteenth deigned to speak a few kind words to him. Montcalm writes:

"Do you know, His Majesty actually said he was glad to see my sabre cuts were well healed. What a kind, thoughtful monarch we have." After this he got his regiment, served under Belleisle aforesaid, and was knocked down in a frontier skirmish by a ball in the forehead, escaping, thanks to his hat, with nothing more than a slight concussion of the brain.

Colonel Montcalm, however, was a grumbler. About his own advancement he had nothing to complain; but he saw the deplorable state of the French army, as badly organised then as it was in 1870; and he contrasted it with the way in which Frederick had worked up his troops into an army of iron-sides. He, therefore, wrote a pamphlet, which, like General Niel's memorial to Napoleon the Third, was praised but put aside. Such a man was not wanted in the Versailles of that day. Pompadour had now succeeded Châteauroux, and Machault, her creature, was finance minister. This precious pair adopted a new plan for enriching themselves at the cost of the country: the mistress drew treasury bills payable at sight and got the king to sign them. Of course, there was no money for the army, and d'Argenson, the prime minister, was solely intent on keeping out his rivals. There never was a country with such a lack of public spirit in high places as France just then.

And she suffered accordingly. It is hard to realise that her colonies then were as large and as important as our own. She was our often successful rival in India; she had plenty of West India islands; and in North America, New France or Canada, was linked by a chain of forts to Louisiana down on the Mississippi. All this she lost, thanks to the wretched state of the French Court and to the miserable selfishness and incompetence and mutual jealousy of ministers and commanders opposed to the clear-sighted, self-sacrificing patriotism of those at the head of our government and army.

The Nemesis first began to work in the new world. Acadia became Nova Scotia, under circumstances detailed in no flattering style in the introduction to Longfellow's *Evangeline*; and pretty soon the struggle was going on which was to make New France into the loyal province of Lower Canada. "We want a good man in Canada, and here at home we want to get rid of that troublesome Montcalm," thought d'Argenson. So Montcalm was sent out in 1756, two years after Braddock and his men had

been cut to pieces near Fort Duquesne, now Fort Pittsburg, a year after Clive had forced Dupleix to leave India, to do all that energy and ability and goodwill could do without the necessary backing-up from home.

French Canada was managed much as the Spanish managed their American colonies, in other words, it was terribly mismanaged. The colonists were of good stuff, descendants, many of them, of Protestants whom Sully had encouraged to emigrate; others sprang from the Bretons and Normans, picked men, who had gone out with that Champlain from whom the lake was named; but they were hampered by bad government. The governor and the intendant were both supreme, and anything like harmony depended on their working together. Then foreign trade was ruined by tariffs, while the New England smugglers ruined the home trade by pouring in goods across the frontier. Again, no Canadian could open shop without paying excessive dues to officials of all ranks. Just then, Bigot, the intendant, and Vaudreuil, the governor, were thoroughly agreed. Bigot was a shameless plunderer of public money, and he had gained complete control over the easy-going Vaudreuil. Montcalm at once got together all the troops he could, about three thousand eight hundred regulars, a few marines, the Canadian volunteers, and a number of Indians, and set about attacking the English ports between the Hudson and Lake Ontario. These, he felt, cut the French possessions in two; and taken they must be at any cost. He took Fort Oswego, or Chonegen, and two other little forts near it, but was hindered from pushing on into New England, or even from attacking Fort William Henry, by the necessity of letting his volunteers go off to get in the harvest. When the English forts capitulated, he had the greatest possible difficulty in preventing a massacre by Indians. The only way in which he could manage was by promising the red men valuable presents. "It will cost the king," wrote he, "eight or ten thousand francs; but then I have averted a horrible disaster."

This use of Indians on both sides was unworthy of civilised nations. Montcalm, however, had the excuse that he must have more troops. Failing to get help from home he was compelled to depend on the Hurons, going into their wigwams, smoking with them, and sitting silent by their council-fires. He tells how a Huron chief was at first astonished at his dwarfish stature.

"Yet," said the savage, "when I look at your eye, I don't wonder at your being general." He describes a war dance, just before the tribe marched along with him to attack Fort William Henry. Munro, the commandant, abandoned by General Webb, and finding his men dispirited and afraid of the Indian scalpers, did the most foolish thing he could do—surrendered on terms. The English, promising not to serve for the next eighteen months, agreed to retire to Fort Lydius. On the way the savages fell upon them, and there was a terrible massacre. Our writers always accuse Montcalm of culpable negligence; the French, of course, defend him, pointing out how, the moment Munro surrendered, he at once called the chiefs and made them swear to respect the treaty, and adding that it was the fault of the English themselves, who, in the hope of conciliating the Indians, had given them the rum that they were leaving behind. "The red men were drinking this accursed rum all night," says Montcalm, "and in the morning were like devils. The English began to move out at daybreak, while we French were all asleep; and, instead of marching in good order, with their sick and women and children in the midst, and the men like a rampart of iron round them, they went off helter-skelter, the best troops going first. The moment they got into the woods the red men fell upon them and began plundering, first the provisions and the rum, then the clothes of the women and the arms of the soldiers (the fools hadn't even loaded their muskets). We first learnt what was going on from some poor wretches who ran back to the fort. I at once went down, sword in hand, with my grenadiers and all the officers I could muster, and we did what we could. It was not much; for what could we do against two thousand savages wild with drink and blood? But we saved about six hundred of them—stark naked for the most part, for those red devils had begun by stripping them." And, in a letter to General Webb, he writes: "I can honestly say I risked my own life for the sake of your poor people, and so did my officers, as your own men are ready to testify; several of my grenadiers were killed in rescuing the English." It is well to read both sides; this is a very different view of the matter from that which the readers of Fenimore Cooper's novel will have been led to take.

So far, New France was saved; and but



for Bigot, it might have been finally rescued. But Bigot completely paralysed the defence which Montcalm had planned. He served out old useless muskets, he starved the troops, left his magazines empty, the hospitals uncared for, the new forts un-built. Everybody pillaged and embezzled to his heart's content. Bigot actually formed a company (or "ring") which used to meet at the house of a great Quebec contractor, and which the public nick-named *La Friponne* (as we might say, "the scoundrels' club"). Full prices were charged to government, while everything supplied was of the worst quality—cannon mounts that broke to pieces under the recoil, carts and waggons too light for use. As for transport cattle, there were none.

Montcalm sent home memorial after memorial; these are all now found neatly docketed in the archives; but nothing came of them then. Just after the affair of Fort William Henry, when he was all eagerness to push on: "We've nothing to eat," he writes; "England will not let anything in the shape of food pass the frontier. We are eating horseflesh, and have very little even of that. Powder, too, runs short; and, as for shoes, we have only what we have got on." It was all in vain, nothing could move Louis the Fifteenth; and, as for the ministers at home, they were just as bad as Bigot, only on a grander scale. The best of it was that Vaudreuil, blinded by Bigot, actually had the hardihood to blame Montcalm for not following up his success at Fort William Henry.

Meanwhile Pitt was determined to strike a decisive blow in Canada. He saw, as clearly as Montcalm, that the present state of things could not last. The French line along the Ohio down to Louisiana was a standing menace to New England and the rest of our "plantations," preventing their spreading westward, and cutting them off from trade with the Indians. But, instead of another war of little sieges and surprises, he formed the grand plan of sending a fleet up the St. Lawrence and aiming at once at the heart of New France. He poured in troops—Highlanders newly enrolled after the '45; twenty of the regiments that had capitulated at Kloster-seven, and our using which, after they had undertaken not to serve for the rest of the war, was part of the conduct which earned us the title of perfide Albion; volunteers from New England, roused to fury against "the Canadian papists"—and for general he picked out quite a young man, whose career he had

watched, and in whom he rightly discerned the making of a hero. There were to be three simultaneous attacks; Abercrombie was to push up the Hudson and take Ticonderago, Forbes was to capture Duquesne on the Ohio, Amherst and Boscawen were to attack Cape Breton and Louisburg at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. All were taken except Ticonderago. Montcalm had only seven thousand men all told, now that the defenders of Louisburg had surrendered. "Why, it's our own fault if we don't eat the French up alive in Canada," wrote Lord Chesterfield. At Ticonderago, however (or Fort Carillon, as the French called it), the morsel was too tough for them. Montcalm was there in person, and Abercrombie's attack was beaten off. "It will be hot work, my friends," said Montcalm, throwing off his coat, as the English came on to the attack. The fight lasted all day; but his small numbers and the fear of an ambuscade kept Montcalm from pursuing.

But now it was clear that Quebec itself was the point at which the English aimed. The country was in a shocking state. Paper money of next to no value; famine abroad; general bankruptcy, Bigot and his crew the only merchants who could keep going; Quebec needing all sorts of fortifications, and Vaudreuil calmly replying to Montcalm's prayers and entreaties, "Time enough, they are not near us yet." Montcalm in despair actually sent two of his most faithful officers over to Versailles to explain the real state of things. It was no use. The Minister of Marine (i.e., First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary for the Colonies rolled into one) at last got angry, and testily cried out: "Well, my good sirs, when the house is burning, one doesn't trouble about the stables." "At any rate you don't speak like a horse, sir," retorted Bougainville, one of the envoys. "We can hold Canada if you give us men and food," wrote Montcalm, "or else, if you prefer it, we can give Canada up and make New Orleans our stronghold, with our Spanish allies close by in Mexico to support us." "Hold on as best you can in Canada," was the reply; and three hundred and twenty recruits, and a third of the needful provisions was the mockery of help sent out.

Such being the orders from home, Montcalm gathered all his troops to defend Quebec. Amherst, superseding Abercrombie, took Ticonderago; but, so long as the French held their strong position on the

ridge of Beaufort, between the Montmorenci and the St. Charles rivers, Quebec could not be invested. Wolfe tried an assault, but after desperate fighting he was driven off; and, then, lying ill in his tent and watching the guarded cliffs opposite, he formed the plan of dropping down the river and climbing the heights on the other side of the St. Charles, which were defended by a little block-house, but were believed to be inaccessible to an army. The story has often been told, and never better than in *The Virginians*. The French accounts do not add much to what we know, except that they bring out the inevitable traitor. Montcalm suspected that Wolfe meant to make a move, for every tide he moved the fleet up and down the river; so Bougainville with a thousand picked men was sent to watch. But ships do not get tired, and men do; and so, at last, while the French were resting, the fleet gave them the slip. Just then, too, some deserters told Wolfe that a convoy of provisions was coming down, and that orders had been given to let it pass unchallenged. "Now is our time," cried Wolfe; and very soon he was in the boat reciting Gray's *Elegy*, "The path of glory leads but to the grave," saying he would rather have been its author than win the battle next day. A French sentinel cried out in the fog: "Qui vive?" "France," answered an officer who could speak French, "provision boat; don't make a noise." Landing at the little creek below the block house, the men work their way up as the Gauls scaled the Capitol; but there was no Titus Manlius at the top to push them down, not even a goose to waken the sleeping garrison. "The commandant had been bought," say the French. Anyhow, the few who fought were cut down; no one escaped to carry the news to Quebec, and before morning Wolf and five thousand men, cannon and all (how they got the cannon up is a marvel), were in battle array on the heights of Abraham.

What was Montcalm to do? Leave them there, says calm strategy, looking at the matter from its easy-chair and discussing it round the mess-room table; leave them there to come down as they best could. But Montcalm's fighting blood was up. Besides he felt very uncertain about Quebec; Bigot and Vaudreuil might insist on capitulating. Moreover, if he attacked at once he thought he should find the English still in disorder. So, hastily gathering four or five thousand men,

and not waiting for cannon, he hurried across the St. Charles's bridge, through the city, and out on the plains, where he found the enemy already excellently placed, indeed, partly intrenched, with their artillery on their flanks. At them dashed Montcalm, sending off pressing messages to Bougainville to bring back his men, and to Vaudreuil to send forward every man out of the camp. Wolfe bade his men reserve their fire (he had told everyone to put in two bullets in loading), and the French, firing away as they came on, never had any chance. Wolfe charged them in flank with his grenadiers, and got his second and mortal wound just as they broke and fled.

Montcalm did his best to cover the fight. Shot through the body, he had himself held up on his horse by two grenadiers, till the fugitives had got in through the gates of St. Louis. He died next day, not at all as my print represents him, but in the castle, his last words being, "Thank God, I don't see the English in Quebec." His last advice to his officers was, "Take the men away; I know those fellows (Bigot and Vaudreuil) will surrender. Move off in time and join Bougainville, and try to get down to Louisiana."

Bigot and his friend were, indeed, drawing out articles of capitulation while Montcalm lay dying. The army was indignant, and broke away towards Montreal; but, meeting Levis, one of Montcalm's best lieutenants, was by him brought back to try once more to drive Wolfe down. On their way back they heard Quebec had surrendered; and thenceforth there was an end to French rule in New France.

#### MY LOST LOVE.

WHEN the silence of the midnight  
Closes round my lonely room,  
And faintly struggling through the curtains,  
Mystic moonbeams light the gloom;  
When above the fevered fancies  
Of the weary heart and brain,  
Kindly slumber, creeping near me,  
Re-asserts her welcome reign:  
In the seeming  
Of my dreaming,  
In all the glow that used to be,  
My lost love comes back to me.  
When the fair delusive phantom  
Fades before the wakening dawn,  
And the rosy smile of sunrise  
Gleams athwart the dew-drenched lawn;  
Gazing from the opened lattice,  
Yearning memory pictures there,  
Shadowed by enlacing branches,  
Sweet blue eyes and golden hair:  
And the sunlight  
Takes the one light  
That it had for me erewhile  
In my lost love's happy smile.

In the glory of the noontide,  
Her low ringing laugh I hear;  
In the whispering of the leaflets,  
Her light footstep springing near;  
In each snow-white lily's swaying,  
Is reflection of her grace;  
In each rose's opening beauty  
Shines for me her fair young face:  
Till through the falling  
Shadows calling,  
As even darkens hill and plain,  
I hear my lost love's voice again.

So the hours are peopled for me,  
Through the haunted days and nights;  
While fancy mocks my lonely vigils,  
With the ghost of dead delights;  
And I let loud life sweep by me,  
Dreaming by the silent hearth,  
Where the vision of my darling  
Gives old gladness back to earth:  
While through each gloaming  
Softly coming,  
In sweet false lights of joy and truth,  
My lost love gives me back my youth.

## LEARNING TO COOK.

### A LESSON ON BOARD SHIP.

"SHARK steaks are very good," read Parisina, from a Ship's Cook's Guide, aloud. "To do them: 'Take the tail-end of a shark, and cut it in slices; put the slices in a baking-pan with some fat, a little salt, and enough vinegar to half cover the fish. They are not worth eating, if they are dried up.'"

"Not yet!" she cried, holding up her hand to ward off what she feared might be interruption, and raising her voice for further emphasis. "First, note this: 'When a baking-pan has been used for shark, it must be well scoured, and then put in the oven to burn out the flavour; otherwise it will remain long after, and give to everything else the flavour of shark.' Now," she declared, allowing full play to her vein of merriment, "I protest against this too early burning-out of shark taste! It is disappointing, certainly, to find the appalling fish only notable for this characteristic of leaving taint behind, possessed equally by good red herring; but, having found a nice ship's baking-tin, with its vinegar-soused shark-slices in it, being got ready for 'all hands,' or, perhaps only for passengers in their fine saloon, we will keep it by the near side of us. Then we can have a whiff from it, in all its novelty and aroma, as we go along; it will bring us back to proper marineness, in case we find ourselves getting too land-like!"

There was no fear of it. Parisina had to execute a little railway journey, in discreet company; involving much interesting view of docks and wharves and sluice-gates and

shipping; with the view of seeing Sailors' Cooking accurately; and, going with her the whole time, so to speak, at her elbow, in her note-book, disporting itself on the deck, if it may be put so, was the shark; permeating all her questions and her enquiries with the vigour and the penetrability of a fresh sea-breeze.

"See this," she cried, when a steward was attending, kindly placed at her disposal; and when matters were within easy compass in the galley or ship's kitchen of a brave southern-going steamer. "It says, 'Flying Fish laid in salt for an hour, and then dried and fried, are excellent eating.' Is it so?"

Yes; just as the book set down, she was assured. So, too, was the book to be credited on the point of porpoise-steaks. These, sometimes called black-fish steaks, fried in the pan, like beef-steaks, are good eating; the same as dolphin; this, in like manner, being best cut in slices; as, also, are albercore and bonita.

Albercore and bonita? They gave Parisina a puzzle; naturally. What were they? Touching the former, it did a little rapid transposition for itself on its own account, and would get presented to her mind, impossibly, as albatross; touching the latter, a reminder was given, by one of better information, that bonita, a fish with leaping power, was known to English seamen as long ago as Chaucer, who speaks of it. But piscatorial, or philological, or antiquarian discussion had only the shortest lease in the volatile mind of Parisina. Directing her straying attention to a paragraph in her Guide, she wheeled all other matters right out of sight and hearing.

"Tell me this," she said. "I will read to you. 'When bonita, porpoise, &c., is to be kept for a day or two in salt, keep it out of the rays of the moon: they say the moon spoils fish.' Now, is that true? Do they say so?"

Yes; the quoted "they" were guilty of that much of—moonshine. It was a rule at sea; a rule invariable. Nothing was ever hung where the moon could shine upon it; no matter whether it was beef, mutton, pig, turtle, ling, cod, shad, shark, hake, halibut, haddock, sturgeon—

"Plenty, plenty!" cried Parisina, amused. "It is a custom, and it must pass. I am glad to see, though, that my Cook's Guide says, 'I do not credit that,' meaning the moon matter, 'but it is as well to be on the safe side.' So it is; and we will keep there. Now, here is Chowder; set down



as Chowder, Sea Fashion; whilst Chowder' Land Fashion, could have no existence anywhere, as long as palates, supplemented by digestion, retain their present nature. It is of fat pork partly boiled, onions and sweet herbs; of thick slices of cod-fish; and of ship's biscuits. These are put layer and layer, and layer and layer, pork and fish and biscuits, pork and fish and biscuits, with water over them, till a gallon stew-pan is three-parts full. Is it possible?"

It is quite possible—heedless of Parisina's expostulatory "face"—the name of Chowder, however, not being so familiar as Black Pan (recalling Sir Roger de Coverley's great-great-great-grandmother's recipe for white pot): and the dish being frequently made out of any other scraps and varieties, and being given, generally, after all other meals are over, to the night-watch. It is prepared and put where it will keep hot, and where the men, at the right time, can help themselves. Another dish called Twice-Laid, or Dry-Hash, is of similar use in making up savourily the small ends and cuttings otherwise difficult to deal with. It is, in fact, made of any sort of pieces, chopped fine, mixed with bread-crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper, and baked.

Parisina knew. "What Soyer calls Fritadella!" she shot in with, impetuously. "Ordering each ball to be fried, and first dipped into egg for better binding and shaping!"

The same, unquestionably. And so frying and eggs would be the method on board, she was told, if the dish were being cooked, just as a breakfast dish, or for tiffin, for the cabin or saloon; but, for forrard—

"Ah! there it is!" was another shoot in of Parisina's, with equal impetuosity. "That forrard! Let me turn to Rice for Forward. I have it here; and it was something that—that—really enchanted me, when I read it as I came along. Page—page—"

The page was found, and the passage (judiciously) quoted. The main advice was—what might be expected. Other points were that, to previously wash the rice and currants, there was "plenty of water over the side;" that, for the actual boiling, "if you are short of fresh water, a little salt water may be used instead" (in which case no salt itself is added); that, "as the men generally like fat, put several spoonful on the top of the rice," mixing more fat in, before baking, if the weather is cold; that finally, there was the following admonition. "Cook the rice in this way, and the men will come and ask you for more;

whereas, generally, upon a rice day, half the rice goes to the pigs."

"And here is another stroke," cried Parisina at an interval in which she was still able to indulge in her admiration. "Listen: 'Sea-going people do not like a piece of meat which looks like a bundle of rope-yarns, and after a little chewing goes down their throats like so much oakum.' And listen again: 'The toughest piece of horse is made tender and palatable by preparing it'—as my dear Guide tell us to prepare it; in which for horse, read beef; he no more meaning horse, really, than he means an insect when he says 'Heaven sent grub, but'—the rest as we have always heard it. Listen to the excellent man, again, too: 'Truss the legs well fore and aft,' he commands us, of a sucking pig; ship-life being so strong in him; and he says 'cut your tinned-beef small for soup, otherwise, the meat being stringy, the soup will look as if it had a lot of rope-yarns in it.' And 'two or three fresh messes a week go a long way towards making what is termed a good ship for living.' And 'a ship upon which the men get three fresh messes a week and a pound of butter, instead of so much salt meat, would get a crew in half the time that another ship would, served with the ordinary tack.'

"Now, tack!" echoed Parisina; this time interrupting, or illustrating, herself. "Isn't the shark in that! A ship goes on her tack, so the men go on their tack—theirs, remark you, being the food, or grub, just now mentioned!"

That she was somewhat wrong was nothing to Parisina. She was shown this at another page of the Guide; a page about bread-making; from which she read "after reading this, the greenest of green hands should have no difficulty in making a loaf of good soft tack;" wherein tack has a strictly limited meaning. But this was passed by, for the sake of the main fact remaining: that men well-fed will be better sailors than men badly fed, a fact leading the Guide to draw a long and a very wide conclusion.

"I believe," he says, "that most of the disturbances, and even mutinies, that have occurred at times on board ship could be traced to the men having badly or dirtily cooked food sent to them for their dinner." It is a large matter, as was pointed out to Parisina; large, but thoroughly well reasoned. "For," continues the Guide, "suppose that a watch comes on deck at twelve o'clock, after having had to eat

a spoiled mess of food? They are naturally out of temper; and perhaps one or two of them, while in that state, receive some order from the mate which they do not like, and which under ordinary circumstances they would go about at once; but, as it is, they growl, and, one word leading to another, things go so far that perhaps one or the other of them has to be put in irons, and all this trouble occasioned by the Cook!"

Let the food be abundant in quantity, then, advises the Guide; because it is "so much more pleasant to have all hands satisfied, than to have them grumbling about having too little;" and take care that your cooking is good and clean; because, "even if you have an accident once in a while, spoiling some part of the allowance, the people will take no notice, for they know that as you generally serve them well, still you are liable to make a slip sometimes." The guide even sees his way to insuring this agreeable and valuable point of generally serving the people well. It is by the adoption of cooks' certificates. He believes that such a system does exist in France, and is found to answer well; he is sure, to certainty, that "hundreds of men who ship as cooks on board English ships, know no more about cooking than one who has never seen a saucepan in his life;"—for all of which, he says he finds English ships second to none in most respects, and he, prudently and patriotically, urges British seamen to make the best of things as they are.

"Now, clear up something else that interests me," said Parisina. "What is a Sea-Pie?"

It could be told easily. It was paste laid in, to line a tin; it was meat, onions, potatoes, apples, seasoning, laid upon this paste, with stock to fill it up, or stock and water, if stock ran short; it was a paste again, to cover all this in, with the whole set on the top of the stove, outside, till done.

"Set on the top of the stove? Outside?" Parisina asked it in wonder. "Not put into the oven to bake?"

Set outside, as she had repeated. She had it correctly.

"Then to call it pie is absurd!" was Parisina's short verdict. "Padding would be just as good a name!"

"Well," she enquired abruptly, as she looked for another leaf of her book, "what is—what is—ah, here it is, what is a harness-cask?"

A harness-cask could be seen; two har-

ness-casks could be seen, if agreeable: two being the regulation number, one for mutton and one for beef. There need only be a short step outside the galley to this other door, to get complete understanding of their sort and size and purpose. One on each side of the door, it would be noted; shaped like a churn; many times bound round with strong hoops, firmly fixed on to the deck, for no rolling, lurching, blowing, spraying to have any effect upon them; their lids securely locked down, with impregnable-looking padlocks.

"I see," mused Parisina, "and I am glad to see; for my Guide, over this, spoke of what is, to me, a new implement in modern cookery. He says, 'when your butcher brings your fresh beef before the ship leaves port, get him to cut it into joints, as he will do it much better than you can; and then, without any hanging the meat up till next day, but doing it as soon as it comes on board, pack it into the harness-cask, and pour a boiling hot pickle over it, made of salt and pepper and saltpetre and water.'"

It was well put; that being one use of a harness-cask, Parisina was bid to observe; and an exceptional use; limited, as could be seen, to the first few days after getting out of harbour. Beyond this, the strict purpose of such a cask lasted the whole long weeks of a voyage; lasted during the time when the stores of real salt meat had to be lived upon, when the barrels of it were brought on deck, as often as wanted, to be opened. A barrel's head once hit off, it could not be closed again; consequently, the contents were poured into the harness-cask, and could be taken from there, at cooking-times, in the quantities required.

Parisina was overbrimming with proof of her full comprehension.

"Just the same as emptying a pound of tea from a packet into a caddy? As pouring a bottle of pickles into a jar with a lid? As having a neat row of dear little tin or china canisters for your sago, your rice, vermicelli, tapioca, semolina, and the rest, instead of using from them, untidily and wastefully, out of the grocers' paper wrappers?"

That was it, exactly. And what should be next? Parisina had no hesitation.

"We are out now on the deck," she cried, looking round admiringly at the order, the regularity, the sightliness, that made her wish to start for a voyage in the good ship at once, without time for packing up or parley; "and now we are here, let



me understand the live-stock thoroughly. My book says that a duck or a turkey will eat anything short of an old sea boot; that goats and sheep may be fed upon tea-leaves; that pigs enjoy cocoa-nut oil refuse, which should be boiled for them; that fowls will eat Paddy—the best joke of all! and I like the notion. Show me.”

That was easy enough. The poultry-houses were within sight; the cow-shed was close by; the pig-sties were near enough for handy company, and Parisina had her desire. The Ship Cook's Guide in hand, there were many queer notes to be made out of it during the inspection. If you suspect a fowl will be tough, was one, give it a teaspoonful of vinegar a few hours before killing. It is a bad plan, another was, to swamp out the fowl-coops with salt water: the salt dries on the bodies of the fowls, sealing up their pores and making scare-crows of them; in place of this, the birds should be turned out when it rains, which will give them a good wash. If they are East India chickens, they are sure to go blind soon after leaving port; whitish spots on the head are the first symptoms of the disorder, for which there is no cure; for which fomentations of warm fresh water to the bad eyes form the only suggestion, together with rapid slaughter of the bad-eyed for immediate cooking, and instant isolation of the good-eyed, to keep them as long as possible from the virulent infection. Cut your fowl's throat, when you want to kill it; do not twist its neck, or else (“For a refined reason!” put in Parisina) everything inside of it will be in a mess with the clotted blood. Take out the gall, and throw it overboard. Before sending a goose to table, make a slit in its apron to fill it up with gravy. Do not put a lump of slush into flour and water for aft, and call it butter-sauce; make it properly. Fry fowls whole, in forty minutes, after dividing them down the back, beating them flat, and trussing them out square. Use preserved milk for white sauce to a fowl fricasseed. Draw all birds the same.

“Oh, yes!” Parisina jerked out in especial delight, as prelude to wilful misunderstanding; “draw all birds the same! A pelican's beak no bigger than a sparrow's, a crow's legs as long as a crane's, a swan's neck as a special improvement on the ostrich, a vulture the same colour as a canary, a hawk with the tail of a peacock, a homely hen with the sulphur-coloured tuft of a cockatoo!”

She was frowned at to be quelled into silence, and another quotation was made. “A young duck has lively eyes, limber feet, and a trim appearance.”

She broke out more gaily than ever. “As though that isn't the very thing Jack would say of every young duck his eyes lighted upon on first coming into harbour. Lively eyes? I should think so. Limber feet? Uncommonly. A trim appearance? Yes, very,—note too that word trim, as a nautical expression—in a spotted veil and a new hat and feather.”

Quoting was continued, unheedingly. Feed your ducks on Paddy—

“There! Feed your ducks on Paddy! We have come to him, at last. Poor victim!”

Mixed with oats or bread—it was proceeded with soberly in reproof—slightly soaked.

“Ah! I see!” cried Parisina, in quite ridiculous pretence of elucidation. “Paddy is as much as to say murphy, as we have heard before in elegant euphemism, and they both mean potatoes.”

The first (it was explained as gravely as circumstances rendered possible) meant rice; it was the current Indian word for it; a rice-field being a paddy-field, and being always called so. Leaving the point—as one on which there had been Parisinaic misbehaviour—there was turtle. The Cook's Guide was very full upon it. Turtles, he says, are plentiful in some parts of the world, and while the ship laid in those parts turtle soup would have to be made. In some of these places turtle enough for one day's use would be brought on board by the compradore (anglicé, a buyer; technically, the ship's purveyor); in other places the turtles are brought alive, and would have to be killed. To do this, lash a turtle's hind fins together to hang it up by; then lash its fore fins back, so that they may not get in your way (in the death-struggle), and cut off its head. For the cooking, there must be the green fat, the lean meat, one of the fins, a piece of the under-shell, water, onions, ham, salt, sugar, cayenne, lime juice, sherry; also forcemeat balls if you are in a place where you can get plenty of herbs, when you must use more basil than anything else. Get a pig's head, however, if you have no turtle, or get only cheek (perilous, this, for Parisina!) which, with brains (more peril!) and bones and black pepper, and butter and boiling, accompanied by onions, carrots, turnips, flour, cayenne, ketchup,

lime juice, sherry, will make an excellent mock, or substitute, if "aft" requires it. "Aft," or the cabin, may like ox-tail soup too. It will be quite within compass. For in many places ox-tails may be got almost for the asking.

Blanch two ox-tails; joint them; add barley, onions, carrots, turnips, celery; then simmer, skim, season, colour, and pour out; remembering that two good tails are enough for five or six people (Parisina thought this scarcely fair; "One tail, one tail-bearer," she interjected), and that if there are more people, don't use more tails, but add beef.

Then there were other things to be had when in harbour. For instance, fresh cocoa-nuts. When these could be procured, use the milk of them for curried fowl. For another instance, fresh meat. In some ports, says the Ship's Cook, fresh meat is very poor stuff; nearly all bone, and very little fat. The worst is at Calcutta; other very bad kinds are at other eastern ports, and in countries where cattle are used as beasts of burden. The reason of this is that the cattle are kept at work till they can draw no longer, when they are killed, and as their flesh is the cheapest in the market it is the sort that is brought on board for the sailors. It is true that the men's daily allowance is a pound and a-half for each man, but it is nearly always tough and hard, and requires special management. Put by a few tins of clean fat for basting it, otherwise it will be dried-up in the baking; cut off a joint for each watch, and one for the carpenter's mess; make some of the remainder into soup, making all hands soup—say enough for twenty-five men—in one pot; and then boil all that is left, put it in a basket, hang it in a cool and shady place till the next morning, when you can cut it up, and, with the addition of a few onions (which you have saved from the previous day's stock of vegetables), make a stew for breakfast. "This," adds the Ship's Cook resolutely, from his ship experience, "will be found to be much better than a lot of dried-up tough steaks; and supposing you have not enough of it to satisfy the men, and you have no potatoes, you may get one of the boys to break up a lot of bread in lumps, which add to the meat, and boil together; it makes a good and palatable mess, and gives to the men a hearty breakfast, which very few sailors will be found too dainty to partake of." In another place the good guide throws in an assurance, too, that "if

a man has eaten all his meat, and has nothing for breakfast, he can always make a meal upon biscuit and butter;" and this, when the deck was left again, and space was limited to the small dimensions of the ship's galley—with the stove alight, with the oven in use, with the flour-locker pointedly commented upon, because it was part of the structure, and the lid of it when closed was the cook's only seat, and the back of the seat when hoisted was the cook's only table—this was an opening for a long series of questions to be poured out by the interested Parisina.

The men's breakfasts and their other meals—so the answers came from mouth and from book—were arranged for and partaken of, always in two divisions. There was the starboard-watch; there was the port-watch: the one feeding always at seven bells—tantamount, at breakfast, to half-past seven; the other at eight bells, reaching to eight o'clock. "You can put the doughboys for one watch into the soup," says the Ship's Guide, "about five minutes past eleven, and they will be done by seven bells; and for the other watch about twenty minutes to twelve, and they will be done by eight bells; this being dinner, and dough-boys being yeast dumplings of duck's-egg size. Tea is taken in what is called the dog-watch, from four o'clock till eight. "Each day's provisions," says the Ship's Guide again, "are supposed to commence at dinner-time every day, and to serve for supper the same day, and breakfast the following morning;" and he recommends a cook to start his fire at four o'clock in the morning (when Diana's watch commences, the French put it, prettily); to serve all the men alike, not favouring one watch more than the other; to make the best of everything, either for fore or aft; never to allow any of the men to hang round the galley, or come into it; to be kind to the sick, giving them part of the cabin food, such as "a drop of soup, a bit of fowl, a piece of soft bread," being careful all through not to give to one sick man what would not be given to another. Proceeding still, the Guide recommends a ship's cook to cover all fresh meat sent in, on leaving port, with bran, and hang it up under one of the boats on deck; to lay in a private stock of his own—about five shillings' worth—of carbonated soda and washing soda, "to use for helping to break or soften peas, beans," &c. (the wild green-pea of

India, he says, wanting wood ashes, in addition, or it turns black); to buy black hellebore, to kill cockroaches, before joining a ship that is infested with them; to have a small cask of hot water outside the galley-door at dinner-time, so that the men may wash their dirty plates (a certain appointed officer, called the captain of each mess, having it for his duty to see to the thorough cleaning of mess-kids, which are small wooden tubs holding meat enough for eight or nine men, and to see to the other articles—pannikin, and so on—appropriated to each man); and cooks should remember as much as anything, the Guide enjoins, that a ship under way will pass through two or three different climates in a fortnight, and often "have a list" (sail slantwise), or be rolling; any or all of which circumstances will play serious havoc with yeasts, with broths, with doughs, with batters, and many other things to which a cook has to give good consideration.

"Yes, yes," cried Parisina; "I can see it all, and I am quite delighted. But, before we step ashore again, out of this hot galley, and out of this charmingly-neat steward's pantry—where, I see, you thread your egg-cups, made on purpose, on to sticks, and you turn your suet out of this excellent chopping-machine as if it were coils of cloudy cotton in a factory at Manchester—tell me, here are banana-fritters in my Guide, are they used?"

Yes; and bananas were dried for use when not in harbour. They had been seen in the Polynesian Islands in preparation, women skinning them, and laying them in the sun on stones, and then packing them in leaves. And yams were used, in place of potatoes, for the homeward voyages; the stock of them being laid in abroad. And calavanza soup was just haricot soup; the calavanza bean and haricot bean being identical. And as for conge-water, mentioned in the Guide as being good for curries, because then you need no flour, and good for pea-soup to thicken it, and quite equal to milk to make dough for French rolls, it is simply the water that rice has been boiled in, and is excellent as a drink in cases of cold and ship-dysentery.

"Ah, well," said Parisina, as a sum up, and with a big sigh to think the summing up had come, and the moment for disembarkation; "I like to follow my guide every step he goes, and I am sorry to leave

him. I like him when he tells us to mix dough with nearly all salt-water, and to make it only a quarter of an inch thick; assuring us that Naples bakers, who make the finest bread in the world, always take half the water they want, straight out of the sea. I like him when he tells us that, if the flour is old and musty, we must add a pinch of carbonated soda;—refraining from telling us to pitch the flour where we were to be sure and pitch the fowl's gall. I like him, when he says corn-flour should be mixed with milk and loaf-sugar; but as these are scarce at sea, he has put water and brown sugar instead. And I like him when he says we should serve a little sweet lime-juice as sauce for pancakes, and for corn-flour pudding, and in custards, and apple-sauce; and when he tells us (being a handy man himself, evidently, and able to do many a cunning thing) how to make a fish-kettle, if we haven't got one, out of a preserved-potato-tin, by punching large holes in it, and fitting it with ends of hoop-iron, so that we may not scald our fingers; and when he tells us, as another way, to use a cloth instead of a fish-strainer, leaving the four corners of the cloth hanging over the edge of the pot, for lifting the fish out; and, further, when he tells us 'to make a concern like the side of a bird-cage,' for frying fish, so that the fat may run off before it is sent to table."

To which might have come more "further" and "ands" and "alsos" yet; only that no more was permitted. Land was being trodden again; the good ship's sides were being left. Stirred fervently, as Parisina might be, on the Ship's Cooking question, she was passing through remote regions where masts and spars were a tangled back ground to massive harbour-basins, ships'-store-sheds, and rumbling roadways that suddenly turned to bridges and began to "draw"; and, however reluctantly, Cooking, on Board-Ship or otherwise, had, of necessity, to be, for that occasion, laid aside.

## BY THE OLD FOUNTAIN.

### A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

It was a beautiful old place wrapped up in woods; seen from a distance you would almost say it must be a gloomy retreat, but once penetrate the masses of sombre green, with their russet lights and indigo shades, and you would discover that the sunshine could find its way through their mazes as well as you. The castle was

gray and old. There were owls in the tower, and heaps of ivy on the walls. On three sides the gardens and grounds were kept trim and gay with flowers, but on the other side nature was left pretty much to her own devices. In a sort of mossy wilderness a garden had once flourished, but it was now only a sweet tangle in which the time-stained marble basin of a fountain alone bore witness to what had been. At sunset the ancient chapel window shot forth a red light from its rubied panes, as if a lamp burned in some forest sanctuary; rooks cawed incessantly around the chimneys; water-lilies wove their thick leaves into a heavy matting upon the stagnant water; singing-birds were allowed a perpetual feast on the peach-covered walls of the gardens, for there were always more peaches than people to eat them within the walls of Castle Strange. Nightingales sang in the long green alleys through the length of the summer nights; and Lalage, the only young creature about the place, used to sleep with her window open that she might hear them through her dreams.

Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. L'Estrange were old people themselves, and the servants were venerable retainers who seemed to belong as much to the antiquity of the place as did the effigies on the tombs in the chapel. The youthful feet that flitted about halls and gardens with all the restlessness of seventeen summers were owned by the niece of the mistress of the castle, the only surviving relic, it was said, of an ancient and noble family.

"Why did not master and mistress take her to London to see the Queen?" asked the old servants, shaking grey heads as they sat over their supper in the oak-raftered hall. "As well put a butterfly on a pin as keep a young creature always in one spot." And she was so beautiful, so beautiful, the royal princes themselves would be wanting to marry her.

"But that would be against the law," said Mrs. Starchley, the housekeeper, who was an oracle to the rest; and this suggested difficulty was all the reason they knew why Lalage was not riding to Court, covered with diamonds, instead of rambling about the woods of Castle Strange, or dreaming in her own chamber among her paint-palettes and books.

There had once been visitors enough at the castle, and the master and mistress were not always so stay-at-home. While Lalage was still a child there had been

many to flatter and caress her; it was since she had grown to her full height and suddenly bloomed into a lovely flower that the halls and gardens had grown lonely, and the green alleys and blue-distances made background for only her gracious but solitary figure. Perhaps the change was owing to the fact that the colonel was growing infirm; yet the prim elderly lady's maid speculated a good deal as to the reason why her mistress sighed on seeing Miss Lalage arrayed in her first long womanly robe. What a pity the uncle and aunt could not be a little younger, for the sake of this youthful creature! So charming as she looked in that same robe, thought the tire woman, muslin of a soft moss colour, above which her yellow head shone. How could anyone sigh while looking at her?

Lalage heard no sigh and was happy. Her new sweet dower of womanhood was enough for her at present. That mysterious long dress, that touched the moss as she walked, still surprised her; it was new to her to feel her shoulders free of a weight of flowing hair, and to see in the long dim mirror of her tapestried chamber, or in the still basin of the fountain, all that bright crisp hair gathered in one soft knot into the hollow of her neck. It was sweet to be a woman, and sweet to walk the earth.

Lalage's seventeenth summer was one of the warmest and brightest we have ever known, and whether in the *chiaro-oscuro* of her thick-walled, narrow-windowed rooms, or out in the glamour of the fragrant open, she enjoyed it as only the young can enjoy. She gathered her roses, and sang her songs between the songs of the nightingales, and when the sun was too hot she got behind the old tapestry in her favourite room and read romances of the poets, which were to her only the records of every day life.

On this first morning of her new dignity Lalage went slowly across the grassy lawns, turning sometimes to look with a pleased pride at the train of her muslin robe, which floated for the first time over the sward. She was on her way to the garden wilderness, which was her favourite haunt, where in the sunlight the old marble basin of the fountain seemed filled with liquid gold, and the screen of sombre trees, the very homes of the nightingales, cast a purple shadow across its rim. Here she had sported as a child with a loving reverence for she knew not what spirit that dwelt in the place, and now in



the dawn of her womanhood she came here still to muse and wonder about life.

On this particular day, to her great astonishment, the place was not solitary when she went to it. As she pushed aside the heavy curtain-like bough of a tree and stepped into her little domain, another person had been before her and taken possession of the spot. A man was seated beside the fountain before an easel placed on the grass. His back was turned to her, and he was absorbed in making a sketch of some of her favourite trees.

Now, Lalage had drawn these trees a dozen times, and had always failed to please herself, and, when she saw what was going on, she went straight across the grass to the spot. She had no wish to take the artist by surprise, but the grass did not betray her light feet, and standing behind the easel she forgot her own personality, being absorbed in the successful work of the fortunate stranger. At last the artist turned his head, and seeing a beautiful face above his shoulder, started so violently that the easel was overturned and the drawing fell to the ground.

Lalage, with an exclamation of dismay, sprang to pick it up, the stranger stooped quickly to save her the trouble, there was a moment of confusion, and then the two young people stood looking at each other.

"I hope it is not harmed," said Lalage. "I must ask your pardon; but I have so often tried to paint these very trees, and I was so anxious to see how you did it. I quite forgot myself. I meant no rudeness."

She spoke so simply and earnestly that the stranger hastened to reassure her.

"It is I who ought to ask pardon for trespassing," he said; "but I thought I was safe in this exquisite solitude. The truth is, I have been wandering about here for many nights listening to the nightingales. Chance brought me to the neighbourhood, and my landlady told me of the treat to be enjoyed here at midnight. I dared to come, and fell in love with the spot. Growing bolder, I ventured here by daylight to make a drawing. I was assured that the family were seldom seen beyond the garden."

"Neither are they," said Lalage, "except me; and I am of no consequence. You need not be afraid of me. I am very glad to see you, and to make you welcome to any enjoyment you can find about the place."

There was a slight air of royalty about her manner, mingled with girlish simplicity

and goodwill, which made the stranger smile as he accepted her hospitality.

"Pray go on with your drawing," she said, "and I hope you will be good enough to allow me to watch you. You will thus give me a lesson for which I shall be grateful."

The stranger obeyed her; and as he was distressed to think of her standing while he sat, she also seated herself on the edge of the fountain, a little way off, but near enough to allow of her observing the progress of his work. In this way he was enabled to make full acquaintance with the beauty of the delicate gold-rimmed head and fair intelligent countenance, and to assure himself that they belonged to a fascinating fellow-creature, and not to some dryad who would presently relapse into her tree. And Lalage also had opportunity to note that her companion was no ordinary person. The handsome, richly-coloured face, with its warm smile and slight touch of melancholy about the mouth and eyes; the well-turned head, with its crisp curls; the broad shoulders and manly stature; all were fully noted by her appreciative eyes. An artist, a gentleman, ought to look like that; and, content with the fitness of things, her gaze rested and fixed itself on the rapidly-progressing sketch.

Hour followed hour. The drawing was finished, but the artist gave it lingering touch after touch, while with practised skill he drew conversation from his companion, surprising her artless thoughts from her lips, provoking laughter or sadness in the beautiful eyes that were turned on his own with so much frankness and friendliness. At last the sun declined, and the stranger began unwillingly to gather up his artist's paraphernalia for departure.

"The day has gone so quickly," he said.

"Yes; very quickly," said Lalage. And then with a return of her little royalty of manner, she accepted his thanks, tendered him her own, and dismissed him.

When the stranger was gone, Lalage went sauntering down to the moat, picking up her long unaccustomed gown, and showing the heels of her little Louis Quinze shoes. There was such a flaring of red fire down in the dark water of the moat, that it seemed as if the sun was only there on purpose to dye the white water-lilies like crimson roses, and set a spike of flame on the point of every spear-like reed. Lalage stood on the bridge, and dropped little bits of lichen from the old grey walls

into the water. Whether it was that the strange sunset seeming to predict a storm, or the long dress which she had never worn before, or the novelty of finding that a whole long summer day had vanished away so quickly; from whatever cause, Lalage felt that things were not as usual with her on this particular evening.

"Will aunty think it strange that I should have talked so long with this stranger?" she asked herself. "It was surely right to be hospitable to one who is so evidently a gentleman. I must tell her of it as soon as I go in," she added presently.

But when she returned to the castle she found that the colonel had got an attack of gout, and during dinner her aunt could speak of nothing but his sufferings, and the remedies she had been administering. Lalage's thoughts were diverted into a different channel; and though the adventure of the day still lay distinctly on the background of her mind, she never seemed to find a fitting opportunity for relating the little story to Mrs. L'Estrange, who did not say as usual: "Where have you been all day, my dear?"

"I will tell her after dinner," said the young girl, as she sipped her soup; but after dinner she spent an hour in her uncle's room, and returning to the drawing-room, found her aunt buried in a book. Lalage sang softly to herself at the piano, rearranged some roses in glasses about the room, and finally wandered up to a tower-chamber, where the ancient lady's-maid was busy stitching at more womanly garments for her young mistress.

Lalage pushed the window open. The nightingales were singing; the rich woods lay black in the moonlight; the scent of the roses, the tinkle of the fountain, reached her through the silence and stillness from below. Was her new friend wandering about the mossy lanes, listening to the nightingales now? Away beyond the darkness of the trees a girdle of starry lights marked the village. Lalage seldom went even there, seldom beyond the cloisters of the woods.

"Dolly," she said to the maid, "what sort of place is there for strangers to stay at in the village?"

"Why, the inn, miss, of course. Mrs. Dickson's inn."

"And does Mrs. Dickson make her travellers comfortable?"

"Surely, miss, she do."

"How long do travellers generally stay with her?"

"Not very long, miss—a couple of days. They be artists that sketch, and gentlemen with long hair that write poetry about the birds. And they do not always pay her. I heard her complaining one evening about a gentleman who used to be reading out to everybody a poem he had written about something that he owed to the nightingale. But not one word of what he owed to her was in it, she said."

Lalage winced and blushed, with her fair head turned away to the moonlight, and her eyes on the distant village lights. Her friend could not be one of those vulgar persons thus described? And yet he had come to sketch and hear the nightingales.

She closed the window feeling indignant with herself. Why had she been so friendly with a person quite unknown? Why had she not spoken of the accident to her aunt? She kept her window shut that night that she might not hear the music of the birds.

The next day Lalage spent almost entirely indoors, amusing her uncle in his convalescence; but though the hours were unusually long, and she did not lack opportunities, yet she breathed not a word to any one about the stranger. Once she ran up the tower stairs and cast one long look over the grounds lying below, but could see no lingering figure sketching or wandering about the place.

The next day she was desired to go out and spend some hours in the open air, and somewhat tremulously she covered up her needle-work, and leaving her embroidery frame standing in the old deep-seated tapestried window, put on her hat half reluctantly, with a misgiving, yet a flutter of pleasure at her heart. Before venturing out of doors she mounted to the tower again, satisfying herself that there was no stranger to be seen in the walks and alleys and open places that lay warm with lights and flowers and cool with grateful shade beneath her view.

"I wonder what do keep Miss Lalage fidgeting up and down at that window," said the maid to herself, "for all the world like a lady at a play expectin' to see her lover come down the road. But she has no lover, poor dear, nor is ever much likely to have one!"

Lalage stood at the fountain in a reverie, looking half remorsefully at the spot where the easel had been.

"How pleasant it was; and yet I fear I did not behave well! How glad I am he did not come again!"

She took her way as usual through the shadiest parts of the wooded grounds,

where the sunlight filtered through woven boughs, and she could see, above the dense foliage, glimpses of dazzling meadows and the brook where the cows stood cooling their feet sheltered by the over-hanging bank. A long lovely mossy lane was reached, most frequented by the nightingales at night, and with an opening at one end like a vignette by Birket Foster. Turning abruptly into this lane she was met by the person who had occupied so much of her thoughts.

She turned crimson, and made as if she would escape; but in a second her self-possession returned, and she received the stranger's greetings with a courtesy that was only a little constrained.

Her confusion was perceived by the artist. "I fear," he said, with a great eagerness in his soft and melancholy eyes, "I fear you have repented of your kind invitation of the other day. Tell me so at once and I shall disappear."

Lalage struggled to act the chatelaine with propriety.

"Certainly not," she said. "You are welcome as before; but I fear I trespassed too much upon your time. I shall only wish you good morning, and leave you to—to your desires."

"Pardon me; not before you look at my little sketches. I have brought them in this portfolio, hoping you would find some interest in them."

At sound of the word sketches Lalage forgot her dignity and self-reproaches, and extended her hands eagerly for the portfolio.

It was a treasure to the inexperienced girl; notes of foreign travel, the work of no mean artist, strange and picturesque figures, exquisite landscapes, and about each there was a history which their owner took care to tell. Lalage listened, looked, and wondered, and her child-like confidence and ease with the stranger returned. How beautiful they were, and how certainly their creator must be a man of genius. And yet he might not be able to pay Mrs. Dickson her foolish bill. As Lalage thought of this a brilliant idea occurred to her.

"Sir," she said, "I am so charmed with your works that I should like to keep one of them if I may; though the contents of this purse are trifling compared with the value of the sketch." The stranger looked surprised.

"You will be doing me a kindness," he said, "if you will accept them as they stand. And if you will empty your little purse and give it to me, so, I shall prize it as long as I live."

Lalage blushed, fearing she had made a great mistake and wounded his pride. How extraordinary he was, with all the polish of a courtier and all the fascination of an artist! She shrank from exchanging gifts with him, but did not know how to express her reluctance.

"I think—we had better not," she said at last, simply putting the portfolio back into his hands and grasping her purse.

The artist bowed. "As you please," he said. "But will you at least tell me the name of one who has shown me so much friendliness?"

"I—I am Miss L'Estrange," said Lalage, "I thought you had known."

"Miss L'Estrange!" echoed the stranger in a tone of surprise, and an imperceptible change crossed his face.

"Yes," said the young girl simply. "Whom then did you take me to be?"

"I do not know. Some—lovely, but less important inmate of the castle."

"I see," said Lalage, turning red and pale. "You thought Miss L'Estrange had been more dignified, less easy of access to strangers. But believe me, sir——"

Here she broke down.

"Madam, I believe everything of you that is lovely and enchanting."

"Sir, you are too kind. I must bid you farewell."

"Miss L'Estrange," said the artist, "before you go allow me to offer you this flower." He plucked a rich red rose, and pressing a kiss upon it presented it to her in stately fashion.

Lalage stood irresolute in the light and shade, took the rose and looked at it wistfully, while flashes of red flew over her fair face, and a look of trouble overshadowed her innocent eyes.

"We shall meet again," said the stranger, regarding her for a moment with a look of intense reverence and tenderness; and then he made a hurried bow and went quickly away, vanishing in the coloured distance.

Lalage was in the habit of carrying flowers about with her, and so there was nothing remarkable in the fact of her wearing a red rose in her breast that day at dinner. Her manner was absent and troubled as she revolved in her mind the increased difficulty of telling her aunt of her strange adventure.

"Lalage, my dear, what have you been about all day?" asked her aunt in the course of the evening.

"I have been out of doors all the time," said the girl, turning suddenly pale.

"I think you have over-tired yourself, my love," said the old lady kindly, "and you had better go to bed."

Lalage obeyed mechanically, and going to her own room threw open the windows wide.

"I feel suffocated," she said. "What is this silence that has come over me? I who have been in the habit of telling my aunt every little thing that happened me in the course of the day. Here I am suddenly with my lips sealed. Surely it is not that I am ashamed, for I have done nothing wrong! Oh, what is this that is the matter with me, making me so glad, and yet giving me such pain?"

The nightingales sang their loudest, the moonlight fell white upon the floor, and Lalage lay wide awake in the shadow, listening and thinking; all her soul alive within her. The stranger's face and voice haunted her, and his words, "We shall meet again," kept repeating themselves in the stillness. When, and how? Certainly not as they had already met. Another such meeting must not occur.

The nightingales sang themselves to sleep. Silence reigned in the woods, and the dawn broke. Lalage suddenly started out of a troubled slumber. In the pale light that crept into her chamber she seemed to see more clearly the cause of her trouble, and, springing up, threw on her dressing-gown.

"It is the silence that will not let me breathe," she said, "and I must put an end to it."

She went into her aunt's room. The good old lady was awake, and greatly astonished to see her coming creeping in through the dawnlight with a frightened face.

"My dear, what is wrong? Are you very unwell?"

"No—yes; that is, nothing of the kind. But there is something on my mind that I want to tell you. Don't look so alarmed, dear auntie! It is only a trifle after all."

The old lady gazed at her in astonishment.

"It is something I want to tell you, not that it is of any consequence, but only because you ought to know everything that happens to me."

"Yes, my darling; and I thought I did."

"Ah, that is it. That is what has been hurting me. Well, the day before yesterday—was it the day before yesterday? I think it was—I went to the fountain, and there I found an artist sketching."

"A very great liberty. But, my dear, he did not annoy you?"

"Oh no, aunt. Why, he was the most delightful person I ever met in my life! So gentlemanly, so polite, so clever. I talked with him for a long time, and he gave me a drawing lesson."

"Lalage! why did you not tell me this before?"

"That is it, aunt. Why could I not tell you? I tried and tried, and I could not."

"Go on, my dear."

"Yesterday again I met him, in quite a different part of the grounds. He had a portfolio of sketches, and I could not but look at them. I had resolved not to linger, but I could not resist them. He talked a great deal, and made me forget the time."

"Did he know who you were?"

"Only in the end, though I fancied he had known all the time. When bidding me good-bye he assured me we should meet again."

"Highly impertinent!"

"No, aunt, I assure you. Nothing could be more courteous, more respectful."

"Lalage, you have been very imprudent. My poor little girl, I fear we have kept you too much by yourself. I shall take measures for having this person warned off."

"Aunt!"

"Not rudely, my dear; but he shall get a proper hint. Go to your room now, and think no more about it."

Lalage went to her room, but to think no more about the matter was not so easy. Her mind was relieved to a very great extent; but the thought that this new friend who had so bewitched her imagination was to be warned off the premises like some vulgar intruder, troubled her more than she could have expressed. Nevertheless, she hoped her aunt would alter this determination, and so fell asleep, and slept long into the day.

That afternoon the two ladies sat in the deep window of Mrs. L'Estrange's boudoir, Lalage with a troubled face and tears in her eyes, the elder lady very erect, with a countenance slightly stern. She was giving her niece a gentle lecture upon the thoughtlessness of her conduct.

"The fact is, my dear, young ladies of good position cannot be too particular in their conduct. I have never dwelt on this with you, because you have lived in such seclusion; and so I do not blame you so much for the want of dignity as for the concealment."



"No, aunt, no!" said the girl hotly. "It was no concealment, only difficulty. There is no deceit in my nature."

"I hope not, my dear. Still——"

Here a servant entered with a card, which he presented to Mrs. L'Estrange.

"Lord Arlington of Derwent!" murmured the lady. "I have no acquaintance with him, though I knew his father. What can have brought him here? Well, my dear, we will say no more at present. I must go and receive a visitor."

Lalage, absorbed in her own thoughts, had taken no heed of the name, and was now left in the window, where she continued her musing, while her aunt proceeded to the drawing-room.

A tall, handsome, distinguished-looking man rose to meet the lady as she entered. She was struck on the instant by the charming appearance and manner of her visitor, and welcomed him with stately courtesy.

"You knew my father, I believe," said Lord Arlington, after acknowledging her politeness.

"Yes," said Mrs. L'Estrange; "I knew him well; and I am pleased that his son should desire my acquaintance."

"Madam," said Lord Arlington, looking at her with deep feeling in his expressive eyes, "I must not allow you to think that it is only for my father's sake I have presented myself to you. I will confess at once that I have met your niece, and have become acquainted with her in a rather unconventional manner."

"My niece, Lalage!" cried Mrs. L'Estrange, and the true position of affairs flashed upon her.

"She has doubtless told you of the accident which called forth her charming kindness to a wandering artist. Madam, I have fallen deeply in love with your niece, and I have come to ask your permission to offer her my hand."

From the moment when his meaning became clear to her the expression of Mrs. L'Estrange's face had undergone a variety of changes. Surprise, pleasure, perplexity, dismay, in turns made their mark upon her features.

"Lord Arlington," she faltered, "you do us too much honour. My niece is very young. We had wished——"

"Dear lady, I can well understand your reluctance to part with one so sweet."

The old lady put her hand to her forehead. She had become very pale and was strangely agitated.

"Bear with me, Lord Arlington. I

cannot, indeed, bring myself to refuse you, but you have taken me completely by surprise."

"I have still one more favour to ask of you," continued the visitor. "Let me woo her as the poor artist she imagined me to be. Allow me to paint your portrait and hers, and thus have access to her. Think me foolish, if you will, but I have set my heart on continuing this little romance which chance has so sweetly begun."

"You are, indeed, romantic," said Mrs. L'Estrange, smiling faintly.

"Call me Mr. Winstanley," said Lord Arlington. "Perhaps I may even be permitted to give her lessons."

"It shall be as you wish," said the lady, still looking pale and anxious.

"When can I see her?" asked the lover eagerly.

"Immediately," said Mrs. L'Estrange, and rang the bell.

"Bring tea," she said to the servant, "and tell Miss L'Estrange I wish her to come to me."

Lalage came in, her sweet fair cheeks a little flushed with recent tears, prepared only to bow to the stranger and take her place behind the tea-tray; but at sight of the graceful figure, and the eager eyes watching her entrance, she gave a little cry of surprise and advanced quickly with outstretched hand.

"I thought it was a stranger," she said; "I am so pleased you have called on my aunt."

"Mrs. L'Estrange has seconded the kind permission you gave me to sketch about the grounds," said the supposed artist, Mr. Winstanley, with a flash of that radiance dashed with melancholy which was a characteristic of his countenance.

"I knew she would," said Lalage beamingly. How delightfully her little cloud of trouble had passed away!

"She does more," said the artist, accepting the cup of tea the young girl offered him. She allows me to paint a portrait of you, and another of herself."

"Auntie will be a good sitter," said Lalage blushing, "but I—I should not be a good sitter. I don't know how to sit."

Day after day Mr. Winstanley came to the castle and pursued his work in a little studio fitted up for his accommodation; evening after evening he took his way back to the village inn, lingering in the mossy lanes to hear the nightingales discoursing about love and bliss. So he followed his romantic whim, and felt an indescribable

pleasure in developing his little plot. Nothing so sweet and guileless as Lalage had ever been met with, or at least recognized by the man of the world, and it flattered his pride to feel assured of winning so fresh a heart without aid from the prestige of his rank and wealth.

It was sweet to him to watch the waking of love and fear in her. He pursued his wooing delicately, subtly, artistically, in a way that was sure to enchant such a nature as hers. He saw her trying proudly and bravely to disbelieve the evidence of her own senses, to ignore the existence of his unspoken suit, to treat him as a friend and nothing more. When words or looks of his had disturbed her too strongly, he delighted to see the wistful, questioning look in her aunt's face, as if asking sanction for emotions so strange and yet so sweet. As for the trouble and anxiety of the elder lady, which were things he might also have observed, these escaped him. He did not perceive them at all.

At last he thought he had perplexed the simple creature long enough, had drawn her willing and unwilling near enough his heart to satisfy even his exacting humour. And then he thought he would speak.

It happened in the picture gallery. Her aunt had desired her to take him there, to point out a certain picture of which she had been speaking to him. They passed from one family portrait to another, he praising the beauty of some forgotten face, or the execution of some skilful painting.

"I do not see any fair ancestress here whom you at all resemble," he said at last.

"No," she said, "it has often been remarked that I am not like any one of my family. They are all splendid dark people, while I am——"

"Like one of Fra Angelico's angels," said Mr. Winstanley.

She glowed all over with a blush, but said demurely: "That is indeed an artist's fancy."

"You are all an artist's fancy," he said, taking her hand; "more, you are his love, his idol, his glory. Lalage, could you bear to be a poor artist's wife?"

The words seemed to stun her. The terror, the joy of it kept her dumb a few moments. Then she raised her eyes and said simply: "I could bear it, unless—unless the happiness were too much for me."

"My darling!" he said triumphantly. "My lovely, disinterested Lalage! How

will you do with little money, a small house, few servants, many privations?"

"I shall learn to live in that way," said the young girl gravely.

"How will you bear to hear me spoken of as lowly born?"

"I shall not care. I know you were born noble, no matter what your parentage may be."

Lord Arlington was in ecstasies. He had fooled himself to the top of his bent; he was filled with triumph; he could hardly bring himself to undeceive his promised bride. He would keep up the play a little longer; delight in her simplicity; revel in her tender pity and sympathy for his supposed worldly disadvantages; exult in her faith in his powers and her ambition for his success.

"Aunt," said Lalage, stealing into the old lady's dressing-room, "Aunt, I have such a wonderful piece of news to tell you. Mr. Winstanley has—has—— Oh, I have promised to be his wife."

"My child! my child!" cried the old lady, clasping her in her arms.

"You are not displeased, dear aunt? We know he is poor; but what of that?"

"My love, I have given my consent."

"You are so good; I knew you would. I do not want much. I can live in a little house, and I don't eat a great deal."

"My darling!"

"He is so good, so handsome, so clever. You know I am not worthy of him."

The old lady breathed hard, and strained her child closer to her bosom.

"You are worthy of him, my love; you are more than worthy of him. Pray Heaven he may always think so," she added, within her heart, while a deep look of anxiety settled on her face.

In October will be commenced

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Now Ready, Price Sixpence, the

SUMMER NUMBER

OF

ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONTAINING STORIES BY

MISS BRADDON

AND OTHER POPULAR WRITERS.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*